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Desmond O'Neill

A HARROW PROSPECT SHOWN WITH PRIDE

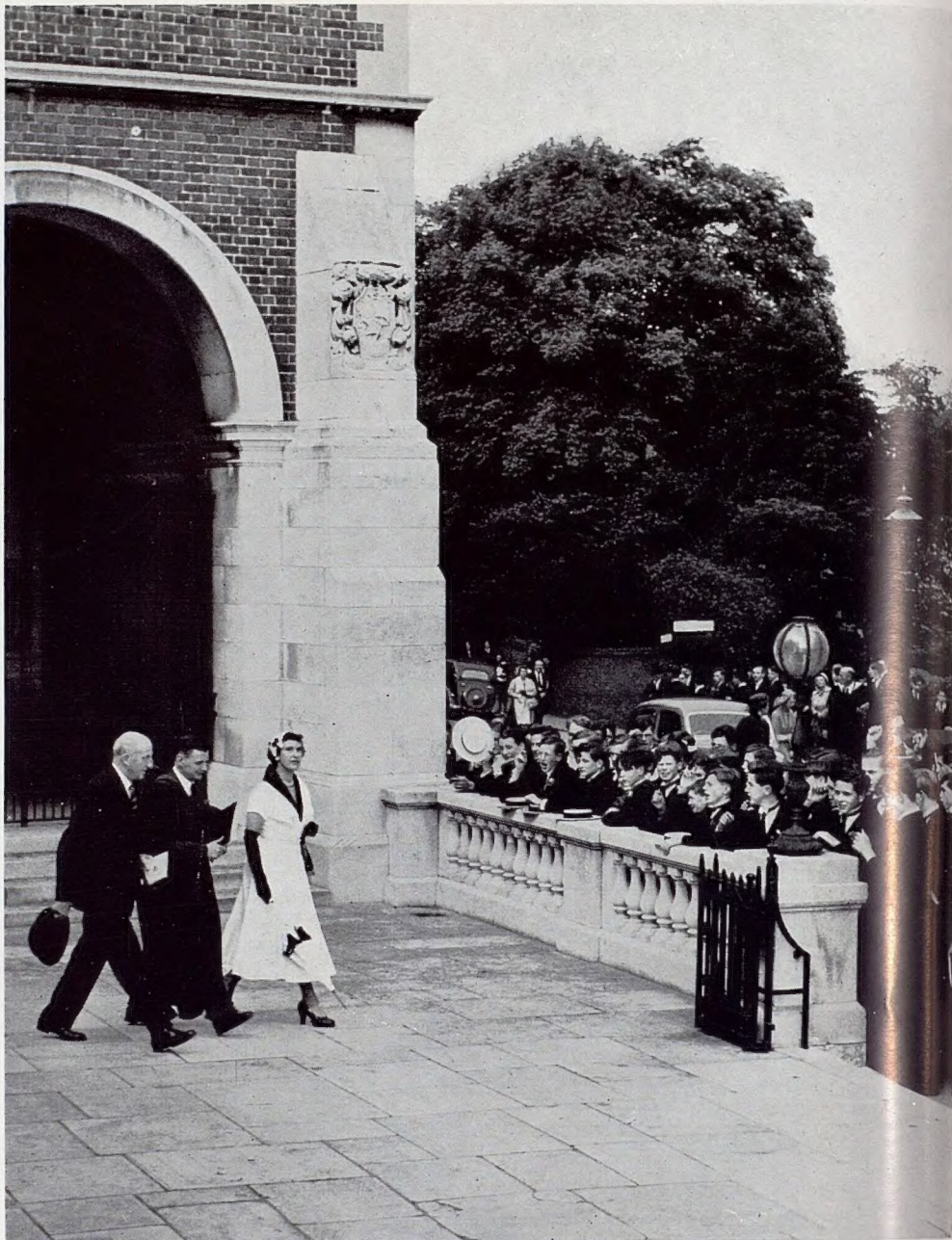
AMONG the excellencies of Harrow School is the superb view it offers over that illimitable oasis of opportunity, London. Here, on Speech Day, John Morgan of Headmaster's House is pointing out this stimulating panorama to Mrs. J. H. D. Morgan and Miss M. C. Middleditch. More pictures of this important occasion in the School's year will be found on pages 716-17



Setting the camera for more photographs was Dale Vargas, Druries, and his mother, Mrs. M. E. Vargas



The Hon. Brian Alexander and his mother, Countess Alexander of Tunis, sat in the garden after tea to listen to the band



The School, gathered around the War Memorial Hall, ceremonially cheered Mr. G. C. Rivington and Dr. and Mrs. R. L. James, when they left after the speeches



Greetings for his dog came from William Rous, Headmaster's, who accompanied his mother, the Hon. Mrs. Michael Barclay



John Tansley, West Acre, and his sister, Miss Jane Tansley, paused for a moment on the steps of the Old School

Continuing —

HARROW'S DAY OF RINGING WORDS

HARROW was host to a large gathering of parents and friends at the annual Speech Day. First, the roll-call or "bill" was held, followed by swimming tests in the Ducker. The afternoon was taken up with speeches in the School Hall and tea in the various houses. Finally, Harrovians gathered for the ceremonial cheering of the Headmaster, Dr. James, and prominent guests



Mr. and Mrs. Dunsterville, escorted by their son Simon, Knoll, went on a conducted tour of the grounds during the course of this sunny afternoon



I. M. R. Gale, Newlands, Mrs. Roger Ellis and Miss Susanna Ellis were among those who admired the view from the terrace in front of the Old School



A. J. Rugg-Price, Park, B. J. Phillips, Newlands, R. A. Shafto, Headmaster's, and A. H. T. Stancliffe, The Grove



Lord Dudley Gordon, deputy chairman of the Governors of Harrow, was studying the programme with Lady Dudley Gordon



R. A. Cumming, Rendalls, the captain of shooting, with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cumming outside the Old School



Dr. and Mrs. Rewid with their son Jonathan, head boy of Headmaster's House, who made the first speech of the afternoon in the School Hall



Lord Brabazon (centre) was having a friendly word with Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Pelly after they had taken tea with the Headmaster, Dr. James



Standing by her portrait is the Hon. Mrs. Neville Berry, while the artist Molly Bishop looks on. All the pictures were accorded a most enthusiastic reception



Mr. J. F. Sandler and Miss N. Gable were admiring a portrait of Señorita Maritina de la Torre (centre)

NINETY PORTRAITS and drawings by Molly Bishop (Lady George Scott) are being shown at Parson's Gallery, Grosvenor Street, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. Jennifer describes the exhibition below

appropriate choice as not only has the artist a young family of three, but many of her portraits are of children.

Looking at the pictures that afternoon were the Duchess of Argyll, the Hon. Anthony Samuel, whose small daughter Jacqueline's portrait is in the exhibition, Mrs. Derek Parker Bowles, two of whose children's portraits were also on view, and the Maharajah and Maharani of Jaipur. The Maharajah bought the artist's sketch of the Household Cavalry's famous drum horses Pompey and Bonaparte (now alas both dead), as a reminder no doubt of the pleasant time he spent when he was attached to the Household Cavalry. Mrs. Anthony Nutting and her small daughter and Lady Edith Foxwell were others I saw there.

★ ★ ★

A FLASHBACK to Royal Ascot, of which we published pictures and I wrote a short account last week. Perhaps the most enjoyable day was the last, when it was much less crowded than the first three, and to the delight of everyone the Queen's horses won two races, firstly her three-year-old Landau ridden by Sir Gordon Richards, and trained by Mr. Noel Murless, and later with her consistent Hyperion colt Aureole, ridden by Eph Smith and trained by Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochford. Top hats were raised and everyone cheered at these two Royal victories.

The Queen was clearly thrilled. After the first victory she left the Royal Box for the unsaddling enclosure to see her winner, and congratulate trainer and jockey. Here she was joined by the Duke of Edinburgh and all the other members of the Royal Family present. On the previous day many thousands had come to watch the race for the Gold Cup—won by M. Bousac's Elpenor—not only from the Royal enclosure and adjacent stands, but from the Royal Heath in the centre of the course. It was announced at the end of the meeting that the Queen had given permission for the new course to be used for the first time at the Royal meeting next year.

The Cavalry-Carlton, Buck's and White's club tents were all well patronized during the week. The latter, formerly the Marlborough-Windham tent, so conveniently situated in the paddock, was taken over by White's for the first time this year. On Gold Cup day, when Princess Sibylla of Sweden and her daughters, Princess Margaretha and Princess Birgitta joined the Queen's party in the Royal Box, everyone seemed to have worn their gayest clothes. One of the most outstanding was Lady Claud Hamilton in a striking bougainvillea pink taffeta coat and little cap to match. Lady (Noel) Charles looked exceptionally chic in Christian Dior's black and white imprimé shantung and long black coat

Social Journal

Jennifer

Fountain Added Its Music To Dance

MISS LUCINDA LEVESON GOWER, one of the prettiest Coronation year débutantes, was presented last year by her mother, Mrs. Ernest Simpson, who also gave a dance in London for her. She was fortunate in having another dance given for her this season by her father and stepmother, Brig. and Mrs. Hugh Leveson Gower. This took place at Brig. Leveson Gower's charming Surrey home, Charles Hill Court, Tilford, where the terraced garden leading down to a fountain was floodlit for the occasion.

Dancing took place in the panelled drawing-room, which has the advantage on a summer's night of three french windows opening on to the garden, and in the circular library. The loggia and terrace had been covered with a waterproof awning in case of rain and here small tables and chairs were arranged where guests sat out and enjoyed the beauty of the floodlit garden and magnificent trees, with music playing softly in the background. Beautiful flowers were arranged all over the house including the dining-room, where there was a buffet supper. Lucinda, who looked radiant in a white organza dress with a black polka dot, stood for some time receiving the guests with her father and stepmother, Mrs. Leveson Gower looking very chic in a dress of black-and-white paper taffeta with a black sash.

Many friends had come down with dinner parties from London, and others were staying in the neighbourhood. Dinner party hostesses included Mrs. Ronald Mark whose daughter Gwenda was a débutante with Lucinda last season, Mrs. Derek Hague, Lady Tottenham, Mrs. Tom Berington, Mrs. Derek Butler Adams, Mme. Ivanovitch, and Mrs. Ernest Simpson who brought a party of sixteen down from London.

Among the young guests enjoying the party, which went on till dawn, were Miss Hilary Morris, Miss Belinda Stent in white—she has recently returned from a trip to South Africa—Miss Diana Child, the Hon. Caroline Lawson-Johnston, Miss Sally Russell, Lady Angela North and Miss Sally Cunningham. The young men there included Mr. David Gibbs, Mr. Peter Tatham, Mr. Spencer le Marchant, the Earl of Guilford, Mr. Stephen Somers, Mr. Erasmus Darwin and Mr. Alan Morris.

Pictures of the occasion will be found on pages 730-731.

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THE private view of the portraits and drawings by Molly Bishop (Lady George Scott) exhibited at Parson's Gallery in Grosvenor Street was very crowded. Half of the proceeds of this exhibition was in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, a very



Lord George Scott with Capt. Arnold Gyde. Behind them were "Rose English," "Mrs. Charles Forester" and "Robin Whetherly"



Among those who came to see the exhibition were Mrs. Beatrice Eden, together with Ann Lady Orr-Lewis



Mrs. A. J. Monico and Mrs. Robin Fenwick were discussing some of the pictures they had just seen at this very well arranged show

with his big black chiffon-trimmed hat, and the Duchess of Argyll was beautiful in a big black hat with a black and white striped dress.

A débutante looking sweet in black and white was Miss Jane Baker whose aunt, Mrs. "Sandy" Scratchley, is giving a coming-out dance for her during Goodwood week. The Duchess of Northumberland, wearing a small blue hat with a black coat, was accompanied by the Duke of Northumberland, and I saw the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, who were racing each day, the Earl and Countess of Dunraven, Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn, who are hoping to spend much of the summer at Bembridge, Viscount and Viscountess Ednam, and Lord Astor, who had a big house party at Cliveden including his brother and sister-in-law, the Hon. Jakey and Mrs. Astor, and Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke.

THE HON. MRS. ANTHONY SAMUEL, who had a house party, looked charming in green and white with a big green hat, as she walked on the Royal Enclosure lawn with her sister-in-law Viscountess Bearsted, who was in black shantung taffeta. Mrs. Edward Kirkpatrick in hyacinth blue was escorted by her husband and her son Sir Nicholas Nuttall and farther on I met Viscount and Viscountess Bury over from Ireland to see their runner in the Gold Cup. Miss Norina Stewart-Clark I saw looking pretty in black and white with a large hat, also Mme. Icaza, wife of the Mexican Ambassador, and Lady Coryton, both in brown, the Portuguese Ambassador and his two daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Robin McAlpine, and Capt. and Mrs. Peter Fitzgerald who were over from Ireland and staying with the McAlpines for the meeting.

Others racegoing were the Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddale, who were having a drink in White's Club tent, as were the Earl and Countess of Sefton, the Hon. Mrs. Archie Scott, Cdr. and Mrs. Colin Buist, Mr. and Mrs.

Jack Thursby, Sir Nigel and Lady Mordaunt, Lord and Lady Cornwallis, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Blackwell, Capt. and Mrs. Gordon Kirkpatrick, the Marquess and Marchioness Townshend, and Mr. George and Lady Cecilia Howard.

LUNCHING in the Cavalry Club tent, I met General Sir Colin and Lady Barber and Mr. and Mrs. John Batten with whom they were staying at Bagshot for the meeting, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Gilbert Monckton, Sir Gifford and Lady Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Mullins and her parents Mr. and Mrs. Berdoo Wilkinson, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Casey and their daughter Anna, Mrs. Tom Dearbergh and Capt. and Mrs. Victor Jones.

Leaving the Royal Enclosure to see the horses in the paddock before a race were the Earl of Faversham escorting the Hon. Mrs. William McGowan, the Earl of Dudley with Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, and Lady Carey Coke with Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham. On the Royal Enclosure lawn the Hon. Peter Ward was escorting Lady Amabel Yorke, who looked pretty with a little flower cap and gay printed silk dress, and here I met Sir Evelyn and Lady Barker, Mrs. Bridges-Webb and her son Michael, Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman, the latter very chic in a loose black silk coat and small white hat, Lord and Lady Lyle, Mrs. Stanley Wehen from San Francisco and her daughter Joy, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Foster, Mrs. Beatrice Moresby with Miss Sheran Cazalet, Major and Mrs. Sydney Villar, Viscount and Viscountess Gwynedd and Sir John and the Hon. Lady Chichester.

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SEVERAL hundred guests went to the evening reception given by the Anglo-Brazilian Society, to meet Senator Assis Chateaubriand and to see some of the masterpieces from the São Paulo Museum of Art which he founded. Guests were

received by the President of the Society, the Brazilian Ambassador, and Mme. de Souza Leão Gracie, and the chairman Sir Arthur Evans with Lady Evans. After a speech by the Ambassador, the guests enjoyed a delicious supper.

Looking at the magnificent pictures, which will be on view at the Tate Gallery until August 15, were the Portuguese Ambassador, the Mexican Ambassador and Mme. Icaza, Prince Pierre of Monaco, Sir Kenneth Clark, Sir John and Lady Rothenstein, Viscount and Viscountess Jowitt, Mr. and Mrs. Kernan—he is honorary treasurer of the Anglo-Brazilian Society—Princess Marthe Bibesco whose portrait by Edouard Vuillard is in the exhibition, Lady (Noel) Charles in a lovely pink faille dress with Mr. John Phillimore and his wife, that cheerful personality Senhor "Bobbie" Nothman of the Brazilian Embassy, his nephew Mr. Peter Tunnard, Lord and Lady Grantchester, and Mrs. Eveleigh Nash.

OTHER guests were the Marquis de Cuevas, the Minister at the Brazilian Embassy and Senhora Ribeiro, the Duc d'Harcourt, who was over from France, Major and Mrs. Edward Christie-Miller, just back from a trip to San Francisco, Hollywood and Canada, the Peruvian Chargé d'Affaires and Mme. Poucé, and the Countess of Abingdon who was having a long talk with Senator Chateaubriand. He owns a chain of newspapers and radio and television stations in Brazil, and founded the São Paulo Museum as late as 1947, but quickly got it going and has now acquired some of the most renowned pictures in the world. A gem among the seventy-five pictures now at the Tate is a small oil painting of the Duc de Berry and the Comte de Provence as children by François-Hubert Drouais. This was originally in the collection of M. le Dauphin and Mme. la

[Continued overleaf]



Mr. Emmanuel Snowman, a director of Wartski, discusses some of the treasures with Sir William and Lady Seeds

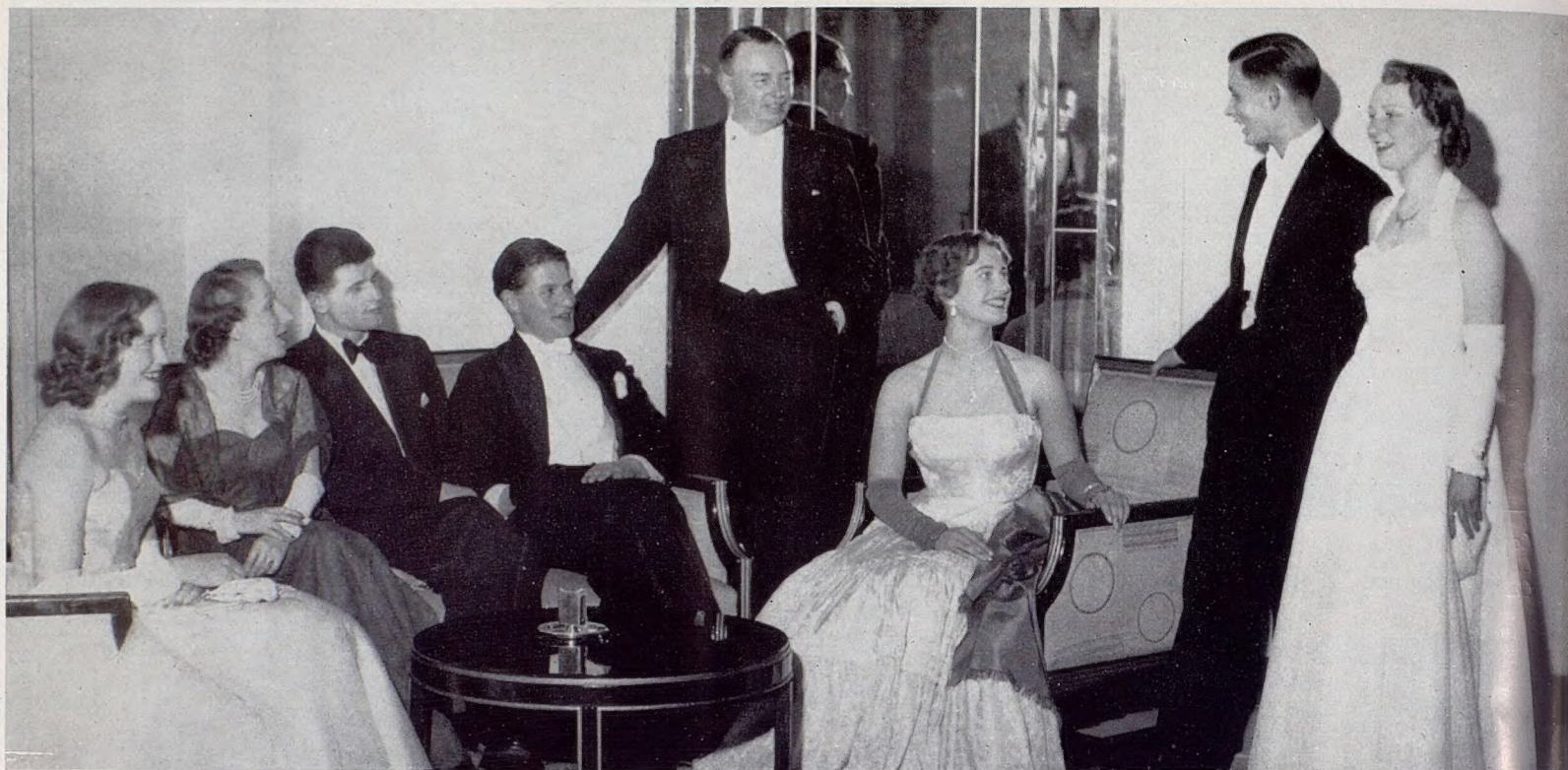


Mr. Kenneth Snowman, another director, who attended the Royal Palaces Sale in Cairo, with Mrs. Gerald Legge



Among those present at the party were Mrs. Kenneth Snowman, Mr. Derek Taylor and Mrs. Freda McKay

Sherry Party At Wartski's To Display Fabergé Pieces From Cairo



Sitting outside the ballroom after dinner, discussing who should partner whom in the first dance, were Miss Valerie Blaber, Mrs. Ronald Newnham, Mr. Peter Natham, Mr. Duncan Davidson-Houston, Mr. R. Newnham, Miss Anne Rule, Mr. Ian Archer and Miss Vickie Newnham

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

Wedding Reception Was In Barn

Dauphine, and was probably sold in Versailles during that period of strange and very often tragic transactions, the French Revolution.

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A CHARMING country wedding took place in the village church of St. Mary's, Stanstead, when Mr. William Allen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Allen, of The Little House, Sevenoaks, married Miss Jill Duckham, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Duckham, whose country home is Goodman's Farm, Stanstead. The Rev. L. Chamberlin, a friend of the bride's family, officiated, assisted by the bridegroom's uncle, the Rev. Allen.

The bride chose a dress of white organdie with a head-dress of lilies of the valley. Her bridesmaids, Miss Katherine Duckham, Miss Claire Crum Ewing, Miss Sarah and Miss Alyson Croome, Miss Mary Welton and Miss Jean Meyers all wore pale-pink dresses. Over 150 guests came to the reception in the old beamed barn at Goodman's Farm to wish the young couple happiness. The bride's uncle, Mr. A. N. Duckham, proposed their health, and the best man Dr. Tony Willis also spoke.

Guests, who were able to stroll in Mr. and Mrs. Duckham's delightful garden, included Mrs. Violet Duckham, Lady Cochrane of Cults, Brig. and Mrs. H. Allen, Brig. and Mrs. E. Caffyn, Sir Vernon and Lady Browne, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Tours and Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Croome.

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I WENT to the delightful dinner-dance which is given annually by Mrs. Rennie-O'Mahony and the Cygnets at Claridge's. This year it was attended by nearly two hundred, including girls who are now studying at Cygnet House and others who have been there during recent years. Mrs.

Rennie-O'Mahony, who wore a white dress embroidered with crystals, had a big party at her table including the Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry, who wore a magnificent pearl and diamond tiara with her red chiffon dress, Lord and Lady Rendlesham, Miss Margaret Popham, in grey, who was until recently head of Cheltenham Ladies College, Mr. Archibald Russell, until a short time ago Lancaster Herald and now Clarenceux King of Arms, Mr. Robin Mirrlees, who is Rouge Dragon, and Sir Charles and Lady Doughty. Sir Charles is one of the Governors of Heathfield Girls' School. He still practises at the bar as does his son John, M.P. for the Eastern Division of Surrey.

MISS FLAVIA CORYTON, Air Chief Marshal Sir Alec and Lady Coryton's daughter, who now has an important secretarial appointment with the head of a big industrial firm, Mrs. John Rous and her husband, a member of Lloyd's, and Miss Pamela Rooke with her fiancé, were three former Cygnets at the dance. Younger girls enjoying the dancing who are still at Cygnets House (one of the best educational centres in London where girls on leaving their boarding school can study the arts, secretarial work, languages, public speaking, cooking and *couture*) included Miss Terry Leacock, whose home is in Madeira, Miss Deborah Windus, Miss Angela Stevensen and Miss Susan Clifford Turner, who is to be one of next year's débutantes. At Susan's table with her parents was Miss Frances Sweeny, who is off to finish in Paris in the autumn and promises to be one of the loveliest débutantes next season.

The young men at this very gay party, which went with great spirit, included Mr. Robert Walrond, Lt. Michael Weld, R.N., whose sister Jennifer is a Cygnet—her mother is giving a dance for her in Goodwood week—and Mr. Brian Clauson.

LORD ILIFFE, the chairman, and Lady Iliffe received the guests at the annual dinner and dance given by the International Lawn Tennis Club of Great Britain at the Royal Automobile Club. This was on the eve of the opening of the All England lawn tennis championships now being held at Wimbledon. It was a truly international evening, with more than thirty different nationalities present. Sitting on Lord Iliffe's right at dinner was Miss Maureen Connolly, the reigning lady lawn tennis champion of England, who was again favourite for the title this year, looking pretty in a pink beaded frock. Also at the chairman's table were Miss Doris Hart and Mr. V. Seixas, winner of the men's singles at Wimbledon last year, with his wife, the ever gay veteran M. Jean Borotra and Sir Norman and Lady Brooks.

At the next table were our leading singles player, Mr. Tony Mottram, Mrs. du Pont making a welcome return after an absence of three years, Mr. Hopman, manager of the Australian team, and Mrs. Hopman, who has also had Maureen Connolly under her wing, Sir Gerald and Lady Slade, Lt.-Col. A. R. F. Kingscote, one of the best British players in the interwar years, and Mrs. Kingscote, Capt. Philip Glover, R.N., the former Royal Navy champion, and the Hon. Mrs. Glover, a prewar Wightman Cup player, who both do much each year for visiting lawn tennis players from overseas.

In his speech after dinner Lord Iliffe paid a moving tribute to Mrs. Glover's father, the late Lord Lyle, who was for many years vice-chairman of the I.L.T.C. Lord Iliffe, who spoke very briefly, made an excellent suggestion for raising the standard of play in this country where we suffer so much from bad weather. He said he would like to see covered courts built in every big city in Great Britain. This would mean that young and promising enthusiasts throughout the country could get practice all through the year as they do in countries where there is plenty of sunshine.

At the dinner, which had been well organized by Mr. Montagu Temple, I met Miss Shirley Fry, very calm about her defeat earlier in the day by a fellow American Miss Louise Brough, in the finals of the London championships, Mrs. Smyth and her husband Brig. Jackie Smyth, V.C., whose Parliamentary duties as a Minister leave him little time for lawn tennis, in which he has always taken the keenest interest, le Baron de Bassompierre, President of the Belgian International Lawn Tennis Club, Col. Charles Norton, chairman of Hurlingham Club, and Mrs. Norton, Lady Crosfield, that grand sportsman Mr. Frank Riseley, who first won the men's doubles at Wimbledon in 1902 with



Mr. Robin Mirrlees, Rouge Dragon Pursuivant, with Lady Londonderry and Mr. Archibald Russell, M.V.O., Clarenceux King of Arms

LADY LONDONDERRY was guest of honour at the ball given at Claridge's by The Cygnets House. Dancing, which was preceded by dinner, continued until the early hours when the company of three hundred said their farewells with regret

S. H. Smith, beating the famous Doherty brothers, and Mr. Lew Hoad, the nineteen-year-old Australian, who was very modest when I congratulated him on his victory that afternoon over a fellow Australian, Mr. Mervyn Rose, at Queen's Club in the London championships.

Other personalities of the lawn tennis world at the dinner were Mr. Tony Trabert, the U.S. and French champion, who was being tipped as the possible Wimbledon champion this year, Mr. Nigel Sharpe, Miss Louise Brough, Mr. A. Larsen and Mr. Gardner Molloy.

A few days later I went down to Wimbledon to watch the beginning of the All England Championships, and saw Miss Maureen Connolly defeat South African Miss J. Scott, followed by a men's doubles when the Swedish pair, L. Bergelin and S. Davidson were victorious in three straight sets.

Watching the play from the Royal Box that day were Mme. Häggblöf, whose husband, the Swedish Ambassador, was too busy to get down to see his compatriots win their match, the Cuban Ambassador, Viscount Jowitt and Lady Greig, whose husband, the late Sir Louis Greig, is so sadly missed at Wimbledon.

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CORAL and white was the colour scheme which Miss Pauline Mayer, daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Mayer, chose for her wedding when she married Mr. Peter Samuelson, son of Lt.-Col. H. Samuelson and Mme. Nubar Gulbenkian, at All Souls', Langham Place. The flowers in the church and later at the reception at Hutchinson House were in these colours, while her bridesmaids all wore long white dresses with coral sashes, the children coral daisy wreaths in their hair, and the two elder girls flowers of the same colour.

Her attendants were three pages, Aidan Liddell, Robert Mathias and Jeremy Whigham; three child bridesmaids, Elizabeth Green, Susan Sacher and Jane Whigham; and two grown-up bridesmaids, Miss Penelope Conner and Miss Olivia Lewis. The bride herself looked very pretty in a full skirted dress of embroidered white organza and a tulle veil held in place by silver leaves.

More than 500 guests attended the reception, where Sir Robert Mayer and Lady Mayer, who wore a small blue hat and white coat over a printed silk dress, received the guests with Mme. Nubar Gulbenkian, who was very chic in Christian Dior's

[Continued overleaf]



In front of the mural of a theatre, Mr. Peter Keens had a highly appreciative audience for a story he was telling Miss Penelope Keens, a Cygnet, Mr. John Park and Miss Jennifer Rudland (left)



Waiting for the band to strike up were Mr. Robin Windus and Miss Deborah Windus, a Cygnet



Lord and Lady Rendlesham were just about to leave their dinner table for a dance



Miss Barbara Hale, Miss Peta Pelletir, a Cygnet, Mr. Peter Horley and Mr. G. John Granger expressed the gaiety of the occasion



This group outside the ballroom was composed of Miss Helen Mead, Lt. M. Weld, R.N., Lt. Alan Jacks, R.N. and Miss Jennifer Weld

Social Journal (Contd.)

Bridal Pair Led Dance

grey printed taffeta coat and dress and a large black hat, and her brother M. Richard de Ayala, who had come over from Rheims with his wife for the wedding. The youngest guest was Sir Robert and Lady Mayer's three-and-a-half months old granddaughter Claudia Mayer, who had just come back from Australia with her parents Dr. and Mrs. Adrian C. Mayer, who were also at the wedding as was the bride's other brother Mr. Philip Mayer.

It was a very gay reception, as not only were there many of the wedding presents on view for guests to see, including a fine set of glass from Sir Malcolm Sargent and a magnificent set of old table silver from the bridegroom's stepfather, M. Nubar Gulbenkian, but after the bride and bridegroom had cut their pale-pink wedding cake, they went into the adjoining room where a band was playing and began dancing, whereupon the floor was soon crowded with many of their friends. These included Mr. and Mrs. Francis Whigham, whose young son and daughter were among the bride's attendants, the Hon. Ian and Mrs. Balfour, Miss Alicia Lewis and her American fiancé Mr. Pete Scully, who were to be married two days later, and Miss Victoria Seely and her fiancé Mr. Francis Bray, who are being married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, next month.

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MARY DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE is president, Sir Henry Price honorary treasurer and Major-Gen. Sir John Marriott chairman of the British Commonwealth and Empire Ball to be held at Hurlingham on July 2. The ball will be a joint effort of the Royal Empire Society, the Victoria League and the Over-Seas League, and the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alice have both graciously consented to be present. During the evening there will be an effective display on the lawns by the bands of the Life Guards and the Irish Guards. Tickets may be obtained from Major-Gen. Sir John Marriott at Victoria League House, 38 Chesham Place, S.W.1, or at the Over-Seas League or Royal Empire Society.

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DANCE and a Moonlight Steeplechase are to be held on July 9 in aid of the Tedworth Hunt. Mrs. H. P. Drewry has kindly lent her house, Rainscombe Park, Oare, near Marlborough, for the dance, and the steeplechase will be over a nearby course so that all the dancers can go out and watch the race, which promises to be most amusing. Twenty-four picked riders wearing nightshirts and nightcaps, as worn in the original Moonlight Steeplechase, will take part, and it is hoped that they will be riding grey horses wherever possible. Miss Belinda Stent, Milton Manor, Pewsey, Wilts, is in charge of ticket distribution.

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CHILDREN'S dancing matinée is to be given by Miss Vacani's pupils at the Scala Theatre on July 12. The proceeds of the matinée, of which the Duchess of Rutland is patroness, will go to that good cause, the St. John Ambulance Brigade Cadets. Tickets are obtainable from Lady Braithwaite, at 8 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER children's dancing matinée, by pupils of Miss Violet Ballantine, will be given at the Adelphi Theatre on July 13, in aid of the League of Pity. Mrs. Philip Digby-Jones, 12 Herbert Crescent, Knightsbridge, S.W.1, should be applied to for tickets.



Gathered in the main hall of the castle before the reception were Mrs. C. F. Pitman, Mr. C. F. Pitman, Director of Nottingham Castle, Mr. H. Bobby, a member of the ball committee, and Mrs. and Mr. A. H. Knight



The Duke of Portland, who is hon. vice-president of the Nottingham Branch, with Mrs. H. A. Freeman-Attwood

A BALL WITHIN CASTLE WALLS

THE first ball to be held in Nottingham Castle for 200 years was given by the Nottingham Branch of the Over-Seas League. Five hundred guests were received in the Long Gallery, and they were able to stroll about the grounds which, as well as the castle itself, had been floodlit with multi-coloured light for the occasion



Mr. K. St. John, Mrs. G. R. Moll, chairman of the ball committee, Sir R. Targett, hon. treasurer, and Lady Targett



In the museum, Miss Joan Buxton, Mr. John Ratcliff and Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Standeven admired the collection of Wedgwood



Dr. H. M. Rice, chairman of the Notts Branch, entertained Cdr. and Mrs. H. R. Nicholl and Mrs. Rice with a story—



—while Mr. John Slater amused Miss K. T. Hatfield, Mrs. A. E. Linney and Mrs. A. Stanley with an impersonation



Looking at some of the exhibits in the museum were Mrs. G. W. Hawthorne, Mrs. N. C. Slater, Mr. Hawthorne and Mr. Slater



Lt.-Col. T. Blagg, a committee member, offered a light to Miss Betty Booth and Lady and Sir Geoffrey Barnett



Mr. R. B. Powell, Mr. B. Trease, former chairman of the Branch, Mrs. Trease and Miss H. Buckle discussed some examples of old lace



Admiring the floodlit gardens of the castle were Mr. Graham Bayne, Mrs. H. A. Watts, Mrs. G. K. Larney, Mrs. Graham Bayne, S/Ldr. G. K. Larney, Major-Gen. H. A. Freeman-Attwood, Mr. and Mrs. P. Barnett and Mr. H. A. Watts

Van Hallan

THE WIMBLEDON PROTAGONISTS

A PLEASANT introduction to this country, for overseas players now battling at Wimbledon, was the reception given at the Hurlingham Club by the I.L.T.C. of Great Britain



Miss Deirdre Benner was watching a "friendly" with Miss Jenny Kerry (U.S.A.)



Mrs. Tony Trabert, M. Jean Borotra, famous French veteran, and Mrs. Victor Seixas



The quadruple champion Miss Maureen Connolly, who has won the English, French, Australian and U.S. championships, was talking to Mr. Lewis Hoad, her mixed doubles partner



In the I.L.T.C. enclosure were Miss Rosalind Stocks, Mr. Fin Carlson, Miss Pamela Standen, Mr. David Godfree and Miss Patricia Wilkinson



Four of the Swedish entrants in the championships: Miss Bitte Gyllen, Mr. Sven Davidson, Miss Margaret Bonstrom and Miss Maud Nordquist



Capt. Boyd-Rochfort visits the alert-looking Aureole who, ridden by E. Smith, won the Hardwicke Stakes for the Queen at Royal Ascot. Here the colt had just come in from early morning exercise

A GREAT ROYAL RACING TRAINER

CAPT. CECIL BOYD-ROCHFORD, C.V.O., who trains horses from the Queen's stud, has his home and stables at Freemason Lodge on the outskirts of Newmarket. Among the fifty he has at present in training are Premonition, the Queen's Aureole and Philanthrope and several owned by Americans, for whom he handles more horses than any other trainer in the country. He started his career with the famous Atty Persse in 1900 and after serving in the Brigade of Guards in World War One, when he won the Croix de Guerre, began training on his own at his present headquarters in 1922. Among the past and present owners for whom he has trained are the late King George VI, Lady Zia Wernher and Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Bt.



Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort was adjusting the stirrup of the pony ridden by their son, Arthur, before he went out for a ride

AT THE RACES

Man-Eater Of Epsom

• Sabretache •

THIS spate of trouble over photo finishes, bumping and boring and so forth, is no new feature in the traffic of events upon the Turf, but it is none the less regrettable, since it has produced a vote of censure upon one of the most famous trainers in the profession whom I think many people will consider has had a rough deal; and in another it has been the cause of legal proceedings by a young, and I am sure, very charming lady, one of whose horses was disqualified, and who is obviously very angry.

When the Stewards disqualified Craiganour in the 1913 Derby for bumping and boring and gave the race to that man-eating savage Aboyeur, there probably had never been such an unpopular decision. And though the Stewards were in the best position to see what happened, I do not believe that the jockeys, whose evidence was taken after the race, can have seen very much, if anything, since they were both in impossible positions.

A PHOTOGRAPH of that finish, of which I have a copy, unquestionably shows that Aboyeur was the culprit. He hit Craiganour abast amidships and hit him so hard that it made him throw his head up. However, the Stewards thought otherwise, and their word being law, out went Mr. Bower-Isamay's beautiful colt, and in came the rank outsider from W. B. Purefoy's lucky stable, whose S.P. was 100-1, and a 150-1 laid in one or two instances. I saw that race, and as it was just after I had got back from Hindustan it is rather well fixed in my memory.

Usually in these cases of bumping and boring there is no deliberate intention of foul riding. Horses will roll into one another, especially at the finish of a long and punishing race, and it is very often no one's fault. There are always as many versions about what happened as there are hairs in your head and everyone is certain that he is right and that the other chap is wrong. In this Aboyeur case no one excepting the Stewards thought of an objection, because the scrimmage was a free for all.

★ ★ ★

ASCOT ended upon the very right note, with two winners for the Queen, Landau and Aureole, both of which in the past have had to be most reluctantly ticketed "doubtful characters," but who now leave the court without a stain on their characters. As to the Lester Piggott case, in which the Stewards of the Jockey Club, upon reference from the Stewards of Royal Ascot, could not possibly have come to any other decision than the one to which they did; the only thing which suggests itself is whether these august bodies would not have been fully justified in going further, for the bumping was very general. You must not play polo and ride races at one and the same time. It does not work. Justice was undoubtedly done, but might it not be tempered with mercy? At all events the unpleasantness was relieved by the two very welcome victories for the Queen.





GENERAL POST. Stephen Hodgson (Anthony Ireland) reminds Laura Hammond (Celia Johnson) that she has duties as an authoress to attend to, while she reminds her husband Charles (Ian Hunter) that his attentions as a husband should lie in her direction and not towards the redheaded widow next door (Josephine Wilson)

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations
by Emmwood

At the Theatre

"It's Never Too Late" (Strand)

THE family has a grannie. She is a plaintively demanding old party. It has a married son whose wife is tetchily aware of the disadvantages of living with "in-laws." Their sudden quarrels are noisy, their reconciliations even noisier. It has a young daughter who is absurdly stage-struck and likely to strike a Siddons attitude on the smallest pretext.

The husband buries himself in his newspaper and never listens. The wife copes. It is she who meets all the conflicting demands, fetching and carrying for this one and that, smoothing out each successive crisis and generally civilizing the family to which she is devoted.

The London stage is never for long without this play. Sometimes it has been written by Miss Dodie Smith, sometimes by Miss Esther McCracken. The author this time is Miss Felicity Douglas, and obviously she has the right instinct for the business. That business is to show us people like ourselves behaving much as we ourselves behave under the stress of domestic exasperation.

WE must be able plainly to recognize the odiously familiar situations even though they are presented in a more humorous light than is altogether natural; and then they must be made gradually and unobtrusively to open out, as though in response to our private day-dreams, on to something acceptably romantic.

Miss Douglas has set her domestic scene well. It is packed with amusingly veracious detail and moves with agreeable rapidity. The question is whether she has hit on the right kind of day-dream. Something unexpected has to happen to the gallantly coping wife, but what? Miss Douglas decides to make her the author of a best-selling novel. That is an idea that does as well as any other as a start for the day-dream. What is the surprise of this outrageously demanding family when the publisher arrives to break the great news that the book which Mother has scribbled at odd

moments is not only to be published, but is to be made "the book of the month." Such is its quality that the theatrical and the cinematic rights have been sold in two continents before publication!

ALL very fine, but at this point Miss Douglas—unfortunately, as I think—remembered *The Breadwinner* of Mr. Somerset Maugham. The stockbroker who quietly tired of his ungrateful family, let himself be hammered on the Stock Exchange and stamped on his topper was doing what such a man might do. But it is hard to believe that this wife would ever have thrown her family to the winds and gone off to become a professional author with a room of her own. Possibly Miss Douglas herself had some misgivings at this turn of her plot. At any rate, she hardly makes good the subsequent developments. The husband's flirtation with the decorative widow next door is a very mild affair; and the wife's inclination to play conjugal tit-for-tat with her admiring publisher is even milder. Once she has left her thankless family to their own devices the tension of the play begins to slacken.



KNITTING DOGGEDLY, Grannie (Mary Merrill) finds cold comfort when her daughter leaves home

MISS CELIA JOHNSON leads an admirable company. Her playing of the selfless housewife in the midst of a really maddening family is light, clear and persuasive and makes the first act the best of the play. She and Mr. Anthony Ireland (his performance a model of tact) do all that is possible with the later scenes, but these scenes too obviously depend on her discovery that she is an author who can only work in an atmosphere of domestic turmoil. The dénouement has a pleasing piquancy on paper, but it works out rather tamely on the stage. Miss Mary Merrill is excellent as the intolerable grannie; Mr. Ian Hunter in the poor part of the unimaginative husband plays it with much amiability; and there are good performances by Miss Jessica Dunning, Mr. Gordon Whiting and Mr. Hugh Dickson.



Much small change was put to the hazard on the "Roll the Pennies" stall, at which are seen Major T. B. Davis, M.C., Miss Lesley Lea-Wilson and Mr. J. C. Butler, D.S.O.

FAIRGROUND PLEASURES, swings, and sideshows awaited the guests at the Honourable Artillery Company's ball in the grounds of Armoury House, Finsbury. The gathering of 1700 also heard the drums and fifes of the 3rd Bn., Coldstream Guards beat Retreat



Mrs. Purvis was being partnered in a slow fox-trot by her husband, Major R. H. Purvis, Royal Artillery



Lt. John Randall, of the Special Air Service, was dancing a quick-step with Mrs. Randall



Lt. W. Viney, of the H.A.C. (Infantry), was about to take out Miss Rosemary Halford in an old-fashioned waltz



In the panelled hall of the headquarters, Mr. Michael Wilkin, H.A.C., was lighting Miss Mavis Baker's cigarette

O'Neill

London Linelight



Boeotian humours are expressed by Bill Owen, Marjorie Rhodes and Leslie Dwyer in "Where's There's a Will. . . ."

Where "Angels" Dare To Tread

EVERY so often a play turns up in the West End which the critics regard with the proper suspicion a good dog accords to an unfamiliar brand of sausage. The play is usually a provincial farce, so outmoded in taste and invention that it seems incredible that one is not in deepest Lancashire. "Who in London," they ask themselves, "could conceivably find this vulgar, atrophied farrago entertaining?"

Where There's A Will . . ., at the Garrick, is a ripe specimen of this sort of enterprise, but it would be a very wise man who could foretell whether it will run for weeks or for years, since it might well take either course.

The story is of a family of stage Cockneys who inherit a derelict farm in Mummerset, and of their laughable antics, their underwear, their table manners and of country matters, including officialdom. An able congregation of players blows hard on these embers, but for me they had neither life nor charm.

TO-NIGHT the ladies and gentlemen (and clergy) who promote cultural relations with the Soviet will be enjoying a beano at the Stoll, where Sergei Obraztov is exhibiting his skill as a puppet master. He is a Stalin prize-winner, first allowed to visit this country last year, when he had a considerable TV success.

His company, the Moscow State Puppet Theatre, consists of forty actors, singers and musicians, together with hundreds of figures half-life-size and a repertoire of five plays. One of them, *An Unusual Concert*, described as a satirical parody in two acts, is by Obraztov himself, but my curiosity is fixed on the all-powerful genie due to appear from Aladdin's wonderful lamp. Will his face have changed in the past two years?

SPONSORED variety, possibly as a precursor to sponsored TV, is to be offered at the New Lindsey in the form of a revue to be called *To Your Advantage*, opening on July 27th. This is not entirely a new idea, for at least one theatre in London has been publicising a shady political cause for some years. But an all-advertiser bill gives as much cause for dismay as a film programme filled entirely by trailers. The players in this enterprise are named, but not the script writers, and surely the success of the evening must depend upon them?

Were one to be assured that Mr. Rattigan was writing a sketch about Detergents, Mr. Coward a song on canned Turtle Soup, Mr. Paul Dehn a lyric on Heavy Industry, or Mr. Arthur MacCrae a monologue on Blank's Income Tax Recovery Service, a regular audience might be guaranteed. As it is, I visualise with gloom a long series of derisive numbers in intimate reviews at every other little theatre in London.

—Youngman Carter



Swabe

FAMILY GROUP IN SUSSEX. With their beautiful home Wickenden Manor, Sharpthorne, in the background, Mr. Gavin Astor and Lady Irene Astor are seen with their children, John, eight years old, Bridget, six, seven-months-old Sarah, and Louise, aged three. Mr. Astor, a cousin of Viscount Astor, married the youngest daughter of the first Earl Haig in 1945. Lady Irene is chairman of a fête to be held in Regent's Park on July 14 in aid of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies, a cause for which she works extremely hard the year round



Making the rounds of her father's farm in workman-like dress, Louise Astor soothes the fears of the calf Larger with a practised hand

Talk Around the Town

I DON'T believe we will ever eliminate the suspicions and distrusts, the hates and fears that really lead to war, by what passes for diplomacy these days . . . all this rushing about the world in aeroplanes at a moment's notice."

I had just read this indictment by no less a disciple of the spirit of rapid transit than Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor, formerly Chief of the Air Staff, than I lifted my eyes and saw a helicopter skimming at a leisurely pace over No. 10, Downing Street and the trees of St. James's Park.

Its progress—its very shape at a distance—recalled the "ropey old crates" that Blériot flew.

Could this machine be a symbol of a slower approach to the problems of diplomacy? As has recently been pointed out, it will soon be possible to say, "*I was in New York to-morrow*," a state of affairs which invites the world to a sufficiently cock-eyed approach to all problems.

THE helicopter may be a step, or a flight, in the right direction. Except that it is apt in its present stage to shake one to pieces, and most diplomats these days look shaken enough as it is.

We have learned now to dismiss the feelings of the mere citizen down below over whose privacy it hovers, and whose peace is now to be disturbed by a blend of buzz-bomb and revolving saw.

JUST now the treetops of the parks are at their loveliest, but moving the eye downwards, can anyone tell me what has happened to London's park railings?

Edinburgh, which suffered nothing by bombing, seems to have retained the iron-work around such of its squares as call for them—notably St. Andrew's and Charlotte—while London fences off such gems as St. James's Square with something fit for the chicken run, and all the fine Georgian pillars and posts of the town are now rough concrete casts.

I had never been in Edinburgh in high summer before, and found quite surprising the wealth of green in a city whose aura so tends towards greyness.

Also the number of window-boxes, some of the most opulent I have ever seen. All that is now needed is some careful forestation work in the wider streets and no one would dare to refer to the city as Auld Reekie, at least not for several months in the year.

★ ★ ★

LISTENING to the German talk all around me as we reached the end of the first cycle of *The Ring* at Covent Garden the other night, I wondered how many might have heard *Götterdämmerung* for the first time in their lives in that vast and much loved building in Vienna which just ten years ago this month was playing the last overture to its own approaching funeral pyre with this same doom-heavy work.

In 1944 the great opera house on the Ringstrasse was soon to be a smouldering ruin, wrecked, by unhappy chance, through American bombing.

In 1921, when I paid my first visit, the place had acquired a new standing in the eyes of the Viennese. They were hungry—many were on the starvation line—their country had been dismembered at the Versailles Conference, and no longer was Vienna an Imperial city.

The Hofburg was empty, but there was always the opera, a building already sanctified by art, and now a symbol of past glory with, above the entrance, the legend: "*Kaiser Franz Joseph. 1868.*"

And yet he had been dead only five years in 1921.

Between the war foreign operas purloined much of its talent; but its standards and traditions were maintained, so that it was to Vienna that Covent Garden turned as if inevitably when it decided to re-establish itself in 1945.

GORGON

A female of forbidding mien,
She held that heaven was wholly clean,
That humans, earthbound, only wait
To scrub through their novitiate.

Unscathed (untrod), her polish shone
Yet she, like lowering mastodon,
With broom and brush and pail kept guard
For fear perfection might be marred—

On sweet celestial business bent,
She handed out hell's punishment.

—Jean Stanger

• • •

THEY tell me that nothing so shattered the morale of the Viennese as the destruction of their opera house.

Then the war came to an end, and the task of Austrian reconstruction began.

Right at the top of the list was the building on the Ringstrasse, now an empty shell. It was given priority over new homes, factories and roads, and now, after nine years' work, it is preparing to open its doors again soon, and to declare with pride that it is "the finest opera house in the world."

Above the entrance, already gilded, I am told, is the legend: "*Kaiser Franz Joseph I. 1868.*"

I have always felt that Vienna was living under false colours as a republican capital.

MEANTIME, the Opera Company are coming to London in two months' time, not to Covent Garden, but to the Festival Hall, whose contrived stage is quite big enough for the Mozart productions to be given.

My wonder of how many in London to-day knew the old opera house was answered when I read that several hundred queued for over a day and night to buy seats.

★ ★ ★

A RECENT newspaper discussion on Army dress in wartime seems largely to have assumed that things were quite different in the Army's old spit-and-polish days, when sartorial laxity of any kind would be unthinkable.

This is Aldershot's centenary as an Army centre, and I have before me a photograph taken there in 1863 of the officers of the 1st Bn. The Royal Scots gracefully grouped around their colonel, and generally presenting an appearance which would make even Eighth Army eccentrics raise their eyebrows in admiration.

The colonel appears to be in some form of kepi, while other officers are variously in a bowler, a deer-stalker, a pudding-basin affair, an immensely high top-hat, and pill-boxes worn at the side of the head. One handsome lad has his hands in his pockets and his eyes averted. A few are hatless, some are in frock-coats, with two rows of buttons down the front, and others have only one row.

The officer in a bowler is dressed in white trousers, while another wears knickers to just below the knees, and striped stockings from there downwards.

One moustached brave—but only one—turned out for the photographer in a cocked hat.

So much for 1863.

I AM reminded that the late Major-General L. C. Dunsterville (Kipling's "Stalky") was also revealing about uniforms of British officers in the Indian Army as late as the early 'nineties.

"The 20th Punjabis," he wrote, "resembled no other regiment on any point, and we did not even resemble each other."

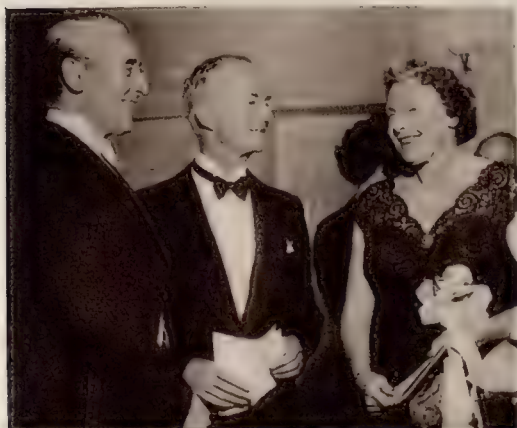
"In full dress we wore the uniform of a rifle regiment in drab, but with the difference that most of us wore on our tunics the lavish embroidery of a full Colonel. But there was no agreement on this point... thus, while a Major might be wearing the small amount of lace permitted, a subaltern would be wearing a sleeve embroidered almost up to the shoulder."

As a young Adjutant, he came upon a sergeant-major with two red roses in his cap; a full-dress tunic with medals; white Pathan pyjamas and some ornate *chuplies* on his feet.

The two Gurkhas who have just been made Orderly Officers to the Queen—the first to be so appointed—look as twins, highly orthodox in dress.

The last of the great Anglo-Indian Army! There are 12,000 left, I was told by a young Gurkha officer I found myself sitting next to the other day, nearly all of them in Malaya.

—Gordon Beckles



At the Twenty-Sixth Dinner-Dance of the Association of British Malaya

The Rt. Hon. Henry Hopkinson, Minister of State for the Colonies, talking to Mr. D. C. Watherston and Lady Lloyd

The President, Sir Patrick McKerron, and Lady McKerron received the 400 guests at the Connaught Rooms

Mrs. W. L. Blythe, Mrs. D. C. Watherston and Mr. W. L. Blythe, former Colonial Secretary at Singapore



On the terrace steps, beneath the leafy awning, Mr. Timothy Durlacher, the Earl of Guilford and Miss Francesca Fummi were drinking glasses of champagne while looking with pleasure over the illuminated grounds



Mrs. Leveson Gower, Brig. Hugh Leveson Gower, and Miss Lucinda Leveson Gower were about to welcome their guests

HIGH SUMMER DELIGHTS IN A FLOODLIT GARDEN

A SCENTED night can be even more expressive of summertime than day, and so it was at the delightful dance given for Miss Lucinda Leveson Gower by her father and stepmother at their home, Charles Hill Court, Tilford, Surrey. The company was predominantly one of youth and they enjoyed one of the most successful country dances of the season. Jennifer describes it on page 718



On the staircase Count Jan Beminski was talking to Miss Shane Newton and Mr. John Greig



In conference here were Miss Angela Stephenson, Mr. Patrick Gibbs and Mrs. Paul Bareau



In the library Mr. David Weston and Miss Sally Cunningham were exchanging notes on the season



Mr. Gerald Kinsman was telling Miss Diana Anstruther-Gray of a recent amusing experience



Dancing the hours away very pleasantly were Miss Hilary Morris and Mr. W. G. Winter



Miss Vania Arbuthnot and Mr. Anthony Pilkington were also much enjoying the evening



Meeting on the steps, Mr. Terence Goulder and Miss Heather Turner-Laing paused for conversation



Mr. Charles Vincent and Miss Joanna Harvey having a short rest from the dance floor



Harcourt

DINING OUT

Ah! Those Long Lost Cuts

ANOTHER restaurant joins, in a fortnight's time, the West End ones jostling each other around the Berkeley Square neighbourhood.

This has been carved out of the May Fair hotel and is to be called the CHATEAUBRIAND, taking the place of the present rather too lofty restaurant.

Given *carte blanche*, what sort of restaurant would you build in the West End, considering its state to-day? I posed the question to two gourmets, with violently contrasting answers.

The one that has been contrived under the aegis of the veteran hotelier, Cigolini (now retiring again after having given the May Fair an octogenarian shot in the arm), will seat 130, with a contracting wall when there are fewer diners, and may achieve some of the cosiness of Sartori's neighbouring Coq d'Or, immensely successful. A hotel restaurant can be sustained, of course, by its resident clientele at a pinch.

A revolving spit and an open grill is now, happily, an essential part of post-war restaurant equipment.

SOME of us may have to brush up our memories in the next few weeks when presumably we are going to see long-lost cuts of meat on the tables, although the butchers seem rather doubtful.

A *Chateaubriand* (you may recall) is a super *tournedos*, assuming the latter to be about 2 ins. in diameter, and up to 2 ins. thick. It is cut from the thickest part of the fillet; the kind of steak that has always been more popular abroad than in England, especially in the United States. There are literally dozens of different ways of dealing with the *tournedos* family.

Equally formidable is the double *Entrecôte*, and the *Porterhouse*, which are cut from the sirloin.

Or perhaps the new May Fair restaurant is really being named, not after the steak, but after the illustrious diplomat, the Vicomte Chateaubriand?

LAST week I gave a composite menu for a light but elaborate lunch (breast of chicken, strawberries, etc.) composed by Mr. Joseph Vecchi. I might have added the wine he suggested: a sparkling Vouvray.

I cannot recall ever having drunk this Loire wine in England; the Vouvrais are not supposed to travel well. But it is very popular in France, often classed as a *mousseux*, and used for champagne cocktails and wedding parties.

The Pouilly Fumé is also a Loire wine, but not to be confused with the Pouilly-Fuissé, which comes from a long way away over by Macon. The two distant kinsmen have this in common: you can drink them young.

Sometimes I think Pouilly-Fuissé can be the best white wine in France—and it can suit itself to almost any kind of dinner.

—I. Bickerstaff



F. J. Goodman

COMTESSE FRANCOIS DE COURSEULLES comes of Italian parentage and is the daughter of Cav. Uff. V. Chieri. Her husband is a prominent banker, and they now live in the Rue Charles Lamoureux after many years' residence in the Far East and South Africa

Priscilla in Paris: Wistfulness At The Wedding

THE marriage of the Mannequin and the Commodore! "Just like a piece of po'try or a film!" sighed the sixteen-year-old *petite main* as—from the wrong side of the railings—she watched twenty-three-year-old Jacqueline Petit, mannequin, gracefully descend the red-carpeted steps of the Madeleine Church after her marriage to seventy-year-old Charles J. Drouilly, Commodore.

There was, however, nothing Cophetua-like about the alliance. Mlle. Petit, although so youthful, is not only at the top of her profession as one of the most elegant mannequins of that eminently elegant sisterhood, but she is also an actress and has known success at the Théâtre de la Huchette. Nevertheless, one sympathises with the little onlooker; to a teen-aged *petite main* there is something regal about a commodore—indeed, Charles Drouilly is a very fine figure of a man, and the Motor Yacht

Club of the Côte d'Azur is very proud of him.

It was a delicately tinted wedding. The palest pink train trailed from the beautiful bride's white lace frock and her eight bridesmaids wore cotton *broché* dresses of a lovely cerulean blue. One was puzzled about this material until, at close quarters, it proved to be the kind that is often used to cover superfine mattresses. Judging from the speculative glances I noticed, I am certain that several of my friends will make use of the idea. Their guest-room couch will be plain twill this summer but their children will be wearing charming frocks!

BECOMING more and more craven-hearted as political news became more and more depressing, I fled Paris before the headlines of the Extra Editions started to erupt. Fetching my small car out of cold storage—a euphemism for the Open Street—I ran a duster over the more showy parts

and departed for a quiet week-end. I have friends who live at a tiny village delightfully named la Haute Folie. They have neither television nor even telephone. Letters and newspapers arrive there later than anywhere else in France and telegrams are only delivered after the P.O. closes—if the postmaster isn't too tired to do so. It is a place where one can really rest, and yet it is called Haute Folie!

Unfortunately, I reckoned without the 24-hour race at Le Mans. A little after La Flèche I found myself in a stream of cars heading for that town. French gendarmes have a one-track mind; also they are obsessed by the slogan, "No accidents at all costs," and I paid the price. Every time I tried to get out of the hooting, honking procession I was whistled into line.

It was all very well to slow up and yell; the hooters and honkers would have no truck with me and the gendarmes looked as if they felt that way too.

As I am a fatalist I ceased to worry. After all, my friends were not expecting me, and though I have passed through Le Mans so often on my way to the Island, I have never done so at the time of the 24 hours. I might as well, therefore, make the best of things and see all I could. I remembered a certain cart-track made some years ago when work was being done on the circuit. It had become so narrow and grass-grown when I noticed it last autumn that I guessed it would not be guarded. It was a right-hand turn, and I shot down it before my hooting friends, fore and aft, had time to realise I was leaving them. Boompety-boomp we went over a stretch of agricultural no-lad's-land leading up to—. But why lay myself open to a belated charge of trespassing and get another chap into trouble as well?

He was a very young chap. More Boy Scout than boy *d'armes* and he had evidently been running.

"Why didn't you stop when I shouted?" he panted.

Carrying war into his command, I parried: "Why didn't you shout from where I could hear you?"

As I surmised, he had been told to watch the turning, but had preferred to watch the race.

From afar we watched it together.

IN the little wood of pine-trees where I had stopped we were protected from the gusty showers. After dark I watched alone, for the youngster slept. The undulating roar of cars and crowds muted by the distance, the spectacular dance of flares and lights, brought me something new in the way of thrills and sleep was out of the question. At dawn I dozed... it must have been more than a doze, for when I woke the boy had vanished, having fetched me a breakfast of hard-boiled eggs and a doorstep of bread and butter.

Next year I intend to see the race from the grandstand. It won't be half so good!

Enfin!

● ELDERLY LADY (inspecting the cars before the race): "At which end do they wind them up?"



NIGHT BY THE CAM IN MAY WEEK

FIRST May Ball, crowning the summer-time festivities at Clare College, was held at Clare College. Many guests spent some at least of the cool hours on the celebrated Backs by the river

[Continued overleaf]



By the banks of the river, Mr. and Mrs. R. Godden, Mr. J. Simpson and Miss A. Lennard waved good-bye to their friends in the boat, Mr. J. Ling (Clare), Miss S. Caswell, Miss B. Clark and Mr. J. Riley (Clare). On the bridge above were Mr. D. Cameron (Clare), Miss M. Sullivan, Miss V. Bassett and Mr. T. Canham (Clare)



Through a stately panelled room adjoining the ballroom waltzed Mr. Julian Oakley (Sidney Sussex) and Miss Patricia Nicols



Gliding through the water in their boat, Miss Anne Lennard, Mr. Jeremy Simpson and Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Godden passed under Clare Bridge, which dates from the seventeenth century and is the oldest bridge over the Cam

Continuing—

DANCING IN AN ENCHANTED CITY

DAWN had broken over Cambridge before the ball was over. Nearly 500 guests were present, and between dances they strolled by the river, under the trees and in the beautiful gardens at Clare



Mr. Paul James (Magdalene) had invited Miss Dona Haycraft to accompany him in an old-fashioned waltz—



—while later Mr. Ian Turnbull (Clare) and his partner, Miss Jill Glennie, preferred to dance a slow fox-trot



Pausing under the archway at the entrance to study their programme were Mr. J. O. Mather (St. Catherine's) and Miss G. McCormack



Mr. J. A. Hornsby (Clare) had invited Miss Barbara Zamoyka and Miss Penny Barnett to join in a small champagne celebration in his rooms before going to the ballroom below



The cool night air between dances was much appreciated by Miss Rosemary Butler and Mr. Roger White (Selwyn)



The lighthearted spirit of the evening was shared by Mr. Roger A. James (Clare) and Miss Clare Laurence



Miss Alix Mackie and Mr. Patrick Montgomerie (Clare) read their programme by lamplight at the College entrance



Leaving the crypt beneath the College Chapel, where supper was served, were Mr. Tim Glynn and Miss Joy Cross



Miss Jennifer Dawson and Mr. John Graham (Clare) walked through the garden on their way to the river



On a garden seat beneath a laburnum tree, Mr. Terry Pearson, Miss Jean McGill and Miss Elizabeth Davies rested between dances and listened to an anecdote told to them by Mr. Denis Diamond (Clare)

Desmond O'Neill

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...



"BALLIOL men don't eat each other," said the cannibal chief quietly—but you know the old jape. The BBC have become just as cannibal-form-conscious as the visiting Balliol man in the story, it seems from an incident which captivated one of the Fleet Street radio-boys as completely as it does us. Read on.

A TV hireling lately proposed to feature a (presumably) funny story about cannibals, but the Lord High Mukkamuk forbade. "There are isolated parts of the British Raj," explained an official later, "where they practise cannibalism. We don't want to hurt their feelings." Probably the throbming drums of Africa are already speeding this wellbred message nightly into every cannibalistic area. One can hear the gratified discussions in the palaver-huts.

"Pretty decent."

"Some of them are obviously gentlemen."

"Do they eat each other at Broadcasting House?"

"Rather shamefacedly, I believe. A certain *gêne* . . ."

"How very typical. Shyness?"

"*Mauvaise honte*."

"Cyril, you've been eating Frenchmen again."

And so on. An invitation to TV Chef Harben, the guessing-game boys, and other interested parties will follow, though the BBC will probably decline it, not wanting to hurt vegetarian feelings at home. However, if Chef Harben took one of those whiffling Third Programme dons along and cooked him to music nobody could object. You'd hardly call those Talks boys, strictly speaking, *meat*, would you?

Lotte

"HER voice rang out splendidly in 'Hoyotoho!'" observed a proud music-critic, referring to Brünnhilde's performance in the Ride of the Valkyries at Covent Garden the other night, and we mentally congratulated the boy for having such ear-drums. What with the uproar of the orchestra and the bawling of those massive sweethearts giving out the old school cry, we're usually deafened from the start.

On such occasions we ponder a possibility no critic has ever thought of; namely that among

that howling Valkyrie mob there may originally have been just one girl whose mother brought her up not to shout. (Maybe it's in the old Niebelung legend.) We think of her as a relatively slim, aloof, cool girl, a Heathfield type, Lotte by name—Lotte Bopp. Her sister-Valkyries despise her as a sissy and a snob. She is, perhaps, apt to quote Mumsie a trifle excessively.

"Mumsie says a girl can be a Valkyrie and still a lady."

"Mumsie says whooping should be left to one's maid."

"Mumsie says double-muscles and a good seat aren't everything."

"Mumsie says gentlemen in Valhalla prefer well-bred girls."

"Mumsie says . . ."

Afterthought

GALLOPING gracefully at the rear of the squadron, murmuring "*Hoyotoho!*" in a low, sweet, tremulous contralto without grimaces ("Mumsie says girls who make faces . . ."), La Bopp would, we fancy, have impressed Wotan, Siegfried, and the other big Valhalla boys considerably had they ever met in the clouds on an evening ride. Say, that little upstage Valkyrie dish way back—boy, has she got *class*!

Why Wagner never featured her in *Die Walküre* is obvious. In any case no lady worthy of the name would get herself mixed up in Wagnerian Opera, where the *most unsuitable* things go on, my dear, you simply wouldn't *believe*.

Doc

ALLEGING that some of Britannia's surgical boys practise "a form of blackmail" to persuade National Health patients to hire private hospital-beds, a doctor at the Socialist Medical Association Conference reminded us willy-nilly of the sweetest bit of medico-democratic blackmail known to history, unless we err; namely the affair of the celebrated nursing and rest-home of Dr. Jacques Belhomme during the French Revolution.

Doc Belhomme had a tie-up with some of the lesser big shots whereby many wealthy prisoners,

noble and other, awaiting the guillotine in prison, were certified sick, removed to his *maison de santé* in the charming suburb of Charonne, and kept there in peace and security for as long as they paid the enormous weekly bills with which the Doc duly presented them. In this way many guests of the first quality escaped the high-jump for months; but as soon as a duchess or a vicomte failed to meet her (his) obligations Doc Belhomme, expressing his regrets in a perfectly charming way, returned her (him) forthwith to prison, from which he (she) proceeded to the guillotine in a matter of days. When some jealous confrère finally blew the gaff, Doc Belhomme got off with four years in the cooler, which is not bad.

Tribute

PAINTED glass can be so magnificent—we're thinking of the great window at Chartres called "*Notre-Dame de la Belle Verrière*," for one example—that one trusts artistic justice has been done to the Midland alderman in whose honour the locals have just, we observe, inserted a painted window in their town hall.

Unfortunately the glass-artist has little scope in this type of secular composition, usually depicting a group of repellent females symbolising Prudence, Fortitude, Chastity, Enlightenment and Forty Per Cent handing Civic Consciousness to Public Welfare. A knowledgeable chap tell us this drab formula gets glass-artists down considerably; in fact one of them engaged to honour a provincial mayor not long ago took to drink and tried to force three designs of his own on the Watch Committee. The first showed the mayor in person sitting on Chastity's knee, smiling broadly and lighting a cigar. The second showed his Worship waltzing with Civic Consciousness. The third, and most colourful, depicted several interesting incidents in his Worship's career, including a wild week-end at Blackpool and an attempt to bribe the borough surveyor over a drainpipe-contract. All three designs were rejected.

A window for a Midland alderman raises few problems, we gather, except the old one involving etiquette. When a gentleman removes his bowler to the big symbolical girls mentioned above, does the halo go with the hat?

~~~~~ BRIGGS Going on Holiday . . . . by Graham ~~~~~







Some of the young people, competitors and spectators alike, who made an entertaining afternoon of it: Mr. Jens Bache, Capt. Murray Johnston (Coldstreamers), Miss Rosemary Merriman, Mr. Gordon Johnston (Coldstreamers), Miss Diana Dempster and Miss Sarah Merriman



Major P. N. R. Stewart-Richardson (Coldstreamers), Mrs. Windsor Clive and Miss P. Evans-Lombe



Miss Gwendolyn Dante partnered Major H. A. D. Buchanan (late Grenadiers) in the mixed double sculls

A SUPERFLUITY OF WATER marked the Household Brigade Regatta at the Guards Boat Club, Maidenhead, for it was held during the wettest week-end of the year. Nevertheless, though spectators were fewer than usual, there was excellent sport, during which the Coldstream Guards won the Regimental Fours



Sheltering from the rain were Mrs. V. F. Erskine-Crum, Mrs. John Garton and Lady Erskine-Crum



Miss Daphne Warner, daughter of the Chairman, Col. Sir Edward Warner, Bt., D.S.O., J.P., and Capt. Jan Barnes

ST. GEORGE FRENGLAND, M.P.



"And now a special word for the ladies in my audience . . ."

## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

★ **A**t a small provincial theatre, the owner sought to draw a large audience with a huge bill of the play with the words at the bottom, "Cast of West End Players." ★  
Unfortunately, however, there was a slight misprint, and to his horror he read:  
"Cast Off West End Players."

**A**FTER being involved in an accident, the patient was ordered by his doctor to remain in bed and take a tablespoonful of whisky every four hours.

The next day the doctor called to see how the patient was progressing, and asked if his instructions were being followed.

"Oh, yes, doctor," replied the patient's wife. "As a matter of fact, I think he's about twenty doses ahead at the moment."

**T**HE foreman caught two workmen sneaking off from the job.

"Hi, you!" he called. "Why aren't you working?"

"We are," replied one. "We're carrying this plank to the sawmill."

"Plank?" snapped the foreman. "What plank?"

"Well, what d'you know about that, Jim?" cried the workman to his partner. "We've gone and forgot the plank!"

**F**OLLOWING the first showing of a film adapted from a novel by a famous author, he was asked what he thought of it.

"Very good film," he replied. "Who wrote the story?"

"You did," was the answer. "We got it from your book."

"I wouldn't have known it," said the author. "But it would make an excellent novel. Mind if I use it?"

"Of course not, so long as you give us an option on the film rights."



## At The Pictures

## CAMERA IN THE BOARDROOM

• Dennis W. Clarke •

SOMETHING away from the general run of film stories deserves a salute. So I commend to you *Executive Suite*.

It is rare that the script-writer takes us into the board-rooms of big business. He usually shuns this apparently unspectacular side of life. But that is just where this film takes us and its courage meets success.

It makes an out-of-the-rut film with a grown-up plot, helped by assured direction, characterisation, dialogue and acting.

It begins with the death of the autocratic boss of a large corporation. There are five potential successors. Who gets the job and how?

Not every film director could hope for a board including Barbara Stanwyck as a neurotic shareholder; Fredric March as an ambitious figures juggler not above a bit of polite blackmail; Walter Pidgeon as a board-room hack; Louis Calhern as a stock gambler; Paul Douglas as a playboy sales chief; William Holden as the young thruster; and some shrewd females on the side-lines, like Shelley Winters, June Allyson and Nina Foch.

In fact, with such a cast you would have to be a murderer to make a bad film. But this is a good one. Director Robert Wise makes the most of his excellent material.

SATIRE and sentimentality do not mix easily and that, to my mind, is where *Trouble in the Glen* goes wrong despite excellent individual performances from Margaret Lockwood, Orson Welles, Victor McLaglen and John McCallum.

We start off with Orson Welles as an unwilling Laird whose explosive views on the Scots will inspire naughty sniggers in Sassenachs. Miss Lockwood is his equally high-spirited daughter. Their American way of life, culminating in Mr. Welles' loss of a prize trout, outrages the glen. So far so good.

Then come Forrest Tucker, American ex-airman, waving the olive branch in alliance with a polio-stricken little girl (Margaret McCourt) and, sounding the pipes of war, Victor McLaglen as chieftain of an old clan of Scottish gipsies. I ask you.

JUST because it is French and about feminine frailty does not mean that it is a good film. That lesson is driven home by *Children of Love*, which deals exhaustively, and no doubt commendably, with the plight of unmarried mothers and their children.

As the heroine, a suspected infanticide, Etchika Choureau gives a fine performance and so does Jean-Claude Pascal as the doctor. But the film does not get going till half-way through, and by that time one has had a surfeit of unmarried mothers.

I turn with relief to the less complicated but more entertaining adventures of Richard Widmark, that prince of tough guys, in *Take the High Ground*. Drill-sergeant Widmark has sixty days to transform a squad of raw recruits into combatant infantry, aided by Karl Malden and impeded by Elaine Stewart. My word, he almost made me blanco my boots.



Baron

MICHAEL SCOTT, for seven years an actor in the Abbey Theatre company, is now the foremost modern architect in Ireland, and is here in front of the Dublin Bus Terminal, a million-pound work of his design which is probably one of the most advanced buildings in Europe. He is at present engaged on the drawings for Ireland House, an Irish tourist centre in New York, and the new Abbey Theatre, to be started shortly, is also to his plans. His famous Shamrock Building at the New York World Fair in 1939 was judged one of the four best constructions at this very advanced exhibition

Margaret Lockwood and Victor McLaglen in "Trouble in the Glen"





Mr. David Woodford, of the 1st Battalion, was explaining details of a silver model of the Tower to Miss Virginia Vyvyan. Besides the party, other features of the Week were a cricket match, a dinner and a reunion

COCKTAILS IN THE TOWER were a feature of the Royal Fusiliers Regimental Week. More than 200 guests attended this pleasant gathering in the Officers' Mess of the Regiment (whose depot is in the Tower of London), many senior officers were present and the superb regimental silver was on display



Major-Gen. F. D. Rome, C.B.E., D.S.O., who becomes Colonel of the Regiment from to-morrow, was with Mrs. Rome



Miss Sarah Guise having a word with Lt. David Conington by a silver drum serving as a flower-bowl



In front of the Regimental Colours, whose honours date from 1695, Mrs. P. Hooper was chatting with Mrs. W. R. Phillips and Mrs. R. D. French



The 2nd Battalion's Colours were background for Mr. John Chatwin, Miss Sheelagh Dundas, Miss Jill Baker and Capt. B. C. Webster

## Television

# TOURNAMENT CAPPED ALL

HOME screens this season are alive with horses and uniforms, displays of sport and skill, commentators and Queens. A truly Royal Ascot was accessible to all to see the Queen driving in procession, or walking at ease in the enclosure in her exciting finery.

The Trooping the Colour and the Military Tournament are two splendid sights. Indeed, the latter appears clearly as the finest circus in the world.

I am not surprised, therefore, to learn that its televising has sent people flocking to the Tournament who would never have thought of going.

Even the rain could not wash away Richmond Horse Show, and I was glad that some of the equipages were shown abroad as far as Italy. The same rain stopped the first Test Match, but by now viewers should be glued to a much improved picture of Wimbledon. Weather and Wimbledon may decide whether we see the Siena "Palio," that remarkable and colourful survival of medieval pageantry, in actuality on Saturday, or in telefilm, to bring the experiment of "Eurovision" to a close. Either way Eurovision will go out, if not in a blaze of glory, in a fairly steady glow of satisfaction.

NO subsequent programme could live up to the Roman opening.

But Queen Juliana's informal benevolence gives almost as much pleasure to viewers as to the children she and Princess Margriet visited in a Dutch playground.

World football has provided a passionate if painful pleasure. Although the International Gala evening was no better than an average "Café Continental," and Mary Malcolm comfortably held her own, both French and Flemish-Belgian TV sent announcers of equal poise, and perhaps more unforced charm than any of our own since Jasmine Bligh.

At the present time Jasmine is on children's TV, but in the farewell to Alexandra Palace this pre-war announcer was still, in my opinion, by far our best.

INCREDIBLY enough, the Drama department's cap-over-the-mill confidence in Iain McCormick's play cycle, *The Promised Years*, is proving justified. *The Good Partners* was in its way as moving as *The Liberators*, although the American sergeant and his over-sexed Italian wife (now as married as the Berlin Airlift permitted) were the least appealing characters in the first play.

This cycle still seems to me the first drama of our times written for TV. McCormick is writing of circumstances and characters about which he knows and feels authentically. And although I thought Sheila Burrell miscast in face and accent as the Italian wife, she gave a disturbingly poignant and strong performance. Mr. McCormick has revived confidence and aroused eager anticipation of his third play, *The Small Victory* (Korean background), on Sunday week.

Strictly non-fiction, Aidan Crawley's new programme of topical comment, *Viewfinders*, begins on Friday.

Crawley's personality, which is a reassuring one, inspires the trust essential to a TV commentator, and his handling of the Senator McCarthy interviews won the deserved respect of viewers.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart





Racing into the sun, Mr. C. D. P. Smallpiece's *Josephine IV*. made a graceful sight. She was placed second in the handicap race for yachts of 27-ft. rating and over



Discussing the race for *Dragons* were Mr. Donald Legg, Mr. H. F. Gillham and Mr. R. M. Payne, who had come second in Mr. Legg's *Polaris*

STEAM YIELDED TO SAIL again for the Royal Navy when the Portsmouth Branch of the R.N. Sailing Association gave its regatta at Southsea. It was a brilliantly sunny day, and though the breeze failed at times, some first-class racing was seen in all classes engaged in the 16 events

## Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

# They Were All Guests In Ireland

HOW fare those who go to Ireland? How does that country affect them, and what strikes them? Constantia Maxwell's *THE STRANGER IN IRELAND* (Cape; 25s.) offers varying answers to this question—for there can, of course, be no single one. The position and temperament of the traveller, his outlook, his reasons for making the journey, the circumstances in which it was made and the time of the making are all factors.

And indeed, unlikeness or contrast in point of view, admirably brought out by Dr. Maxwell, add to the psychological no less than the historical interest of this book. Her study of non-Irish persons in Ireland, and what they saw, covers just under three hundred years: from the reign of Queen Elizabeth I to the mid-nineteenth-century Great Famine.

Of the men and one woman presented, few were travellers only. There was, as we know, the military imperative: the romantic Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, was neither the first nor last to be forced to see Ireland as a country to fight over. For his fellow-Elizabethan, Edmund Spenser, Ireland stood for exile: for eighteen years the poet, pining for Gloriana's court, held a government appointment in Munster, at Kilcolman Castle, Co. Cork—and had time to write part of *The Faery Queen*. Shipwreck, that of the Armada, cast Don Francisco de Cuellar, a Spanish captain, on to what proved to be cruel shores.

Lost causes or uncertain fortunes at home induced some to try what Ireland might

do for them—John Stevens, an English Jacobite, is an instance. Marriage, which ensued from a social visit, gained for Ireland the delightful Mrs. Delaney, who, as the English wife of an Irish dean, ornamented her Hibernian surroundings. Agricultural interest brought Arthur Young; and professional opportunity James Gandon, architect, who endowed Dublin with some of the finest buildings the city has.

TASTE for travel-books, however, goes back far: the Elizabethan historian Fynes Moryson added to his reputation in that field by an experienced commentary—he was with Mountjoy, who, as successor to Essex, wound up the till then muddled Irish campaign. French interest in Ireland was later fed by nationals who risked the untoward journey. Antiquarian promise was explored, and not found wanting, by the seventeenth-century Thomas Dinely, whose contemporary observations were not less interesting. And, happily, this writer could also draw: sketches of two Co. Clare great houses (or castles) as they were in his day are among this book's well-chosen illustrations.

His own personal oddity drew John Dunton, bookseller, to a country no less odd than himself. Victorian Thackeray came to Ireland commissioned to write a travel-book, and went on to do so—it was exceedingly funny, and caused umbrage. Sir Walter Scott came to Ireland to see the scenery, which was almost everywhere, and his son, who was garrisoned in Dublin.

Kohl, the earnest German, having investigated a number of other countries, gave Ireland, also, his close attention; the result shows a pedantic lack of charm, which is atoned for, as

Dr. Maxwell points out, by its good sense and accurate information. Aristocratic social curiosity brought in a giddier German, Prince Herman Ludwig Heinrich von Pückler-Muskau, and two or three acceptable Frenchmen. Prince Pückler-Muskau failed to react to Lady Morgan, the muslin-draped Dublin authoress-salonnieres, whom he in turn seems to have annoyed.

Now, these, and other impressions from diverse angles, assembled and presented by Dr. Maxwell, have one statement to make in common: it is impossible to be in Ireland, whether fighting, governing, shipwrecked, on the run from personal troubles elsewhere or in pursuit of scenic romance, without being entertained. You may have felt, as did the luckless Spaniard, that being choked by smoke in a chimneyless cabin and fed on nauseating samples of the family fare was but a preliminary to being slain, robbed and stripped or, still worse, being handed over to out-for-blood enemies. And you also may, and probably did, riot around a succession of country houses—anything from the slit-windowed, rush-floored castles to Georgian mansions, vast but without amenities, passed from hand to hand by a series of widely-acquainted hosts.

But whatever you did, wherever you were, the same note was struck—hospitality, geniality. Congeniality, which it behoved you to feign if you did not feel it, was in fact essential. Some, though wonderfully few, strangers found this something of a strain.

It was, in fact, impossible to be in Ireland, whether fighting, governing, fleeing or making notes, without sooner or later being a guest. The reactions to hospitality are interesting. Almost all the English wished the place would clean itself up; and foreigners (that is, lesser Europeans) are, though notably less faddy, from time to time found raising the same cry. That, in great houses, so many and willing servants could succeed in producing so small effect continued to be a mystery. Extravagance was not less shocking to the thrifty. Weather, roads and inns provide a constant complaint—the first we fear to be incurable; the second, in this later and better day, are being worked on eagerly although patchily; the third are being zealously overhauled.

[Continued on page 752]





Admiral Sir John Edelsten, C-in-C. Portsmouth, with his nieces, Miss Peggy Edelsten (left) and Miss Prudence Masefield



Mr. Norman Moore, captain of the National Swallow class (right) Miss Joanna Fairtlough and Major Douglas Weymouth



Mrs. K. Stewart having a cup of tea with Mr. D. Bowker, who had just been racing Mrs. M. de Selincourt's Dragon, Nerine



Major-Gen. V. D. Thomas, R.M., Commodore of the R.N.S.A., who had been on Marabu (Coastal Forces S.C.), with Mrs. Thomas



Refreshments being distributed at the Royal Albert Y.C. Signal Station by Mr. John Glanville to Miss L. A. Edmonson, Mrs. Glanville and Mrs. P. H. Greenhow. Mr. Glanville is chairman of the Royal Albert committee

## A Speedy Trio For Solent

SIR MICHAEL NEWTON's Favona, winner of last year's Fastnet Race, has two sister-ships out this season: Mr. R. O. Shaw's Ally Soper, is based in the Menai Straits, and Mr. F. G. Major's Francesca in Chichester Harbour. Robert Clark, their designer, tells me that he hopes all three will be racing in the Solent during August, and that a fourth sister-ship will be built for the Royal Engineers Y.C. for next year.

I saw Cinderella racing at the Royal Albert; she is a sister to Sylphide and Salamander, and the last of the three designed by the late Charles E. Nicholson. She has been put into commission by Charles Blake, who will race her regularly in the Solent.

Among the larger yachts, Michael Mason has sold Latifa to Mr. Jack Salem, and the forty-year-old cutter Thanet, owned for many years by Lord Gort, has been acquired by Mr. Sidney Graham, who started the season by winning the Royal Thames Yacht Club Calshot to Poole Race.

There is news of Bluebottle winning her first race in Canada, while among those left at home, the new Sable (H. R. Freemantle) and Polaris (Donald Legg) have won most of the honours so far in the Dragon class. Michael Crean's Inge, the winner of several trophies last season, has returned to the Solent from Aldeburgh, where she has been tuning up (he is the Commodore of the Aldeburgh Y.C.), and will be crewed by Major Peter Snowden and Mr. John Dunn.

A DRAGON from Finland is among the Continental entries so far accepted for the Edinburgh Cup, which promises to be a truly international event to be sailed off Bembridge between July 24-29th. A House of Commons Y.C. team will be visiting Bembridge earlier for a match against a Bembridge Sailing Club team to be sailed in club boats. A fortnight later, members of the House of Commons Y.C. are rallying at Deauville.

I referred to the International One Design Class recently, now I understand from F. G. ("Tiny") Mitchell, who owns Tadpole, one of the newly-imported I.O.D.'s, that there will be altogether eight of these stationed at Cowes, racing every Saturday and Sunday throughout the season and from July 26th to the end of Cowes Week, every day.

HE also gave me some interesting details of the International Regatta to be held by the Cowes Corinthian and the Royal Corinthian Yacht Clubs during the week before Cowes Week. An enormous silver cup, originally presented by the Kaiser to the Royal Yacht Squadron, will be offered as a challenge cup for the International Star boat championship. Besides this class, there will be officially observed trials for the Olympic classes, and, for the first time, races for "the fastest boat driven by wind alone." As there is no restriction as to type, rig, or sail area, I expect to see some unconventional and original craft sailing in this event.

It seems a pity that the Six Metres are so late in beginning their racing this year. Mrs. H. Dreyfus, whose Thistle has been out since April, tells me that she hopes that at least one or two others will be out by the beginning of July, Lt.-Col. J. E. Harrison's Marlette, and possibly Mr. Kenneth Preston's Titia. Mrs. Dreyfus herself in the meantime has found consolation in successfully racing Sha-Sha V., lent to her by Major R. Macdonald-Buchanan, M.C., in the up-and-coming 5.5-metre class.

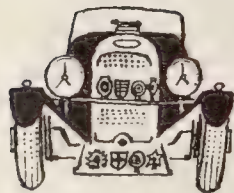
— Gabor Denes



## Motoring

# Criticizing A Rolls

• Oliver Stewart •



As a preface to a few critical comments upon the automatic gear-box as fitted to Rolls-Royce and to Bentley cars, I

would like to iterate the opinion I have expressed here before that, [in the handling of one of these cars, there is to be found a kind of pleasure not obtainable from any other make. Although lower-priced cars are now highly developed and can have all the accessories and equipment, only Rolls-Royce products carry absolute engineering conviction. Every response from engine and chassis is a quiet reminder of the thought, time, trouble and care expended so lavishly at the works.

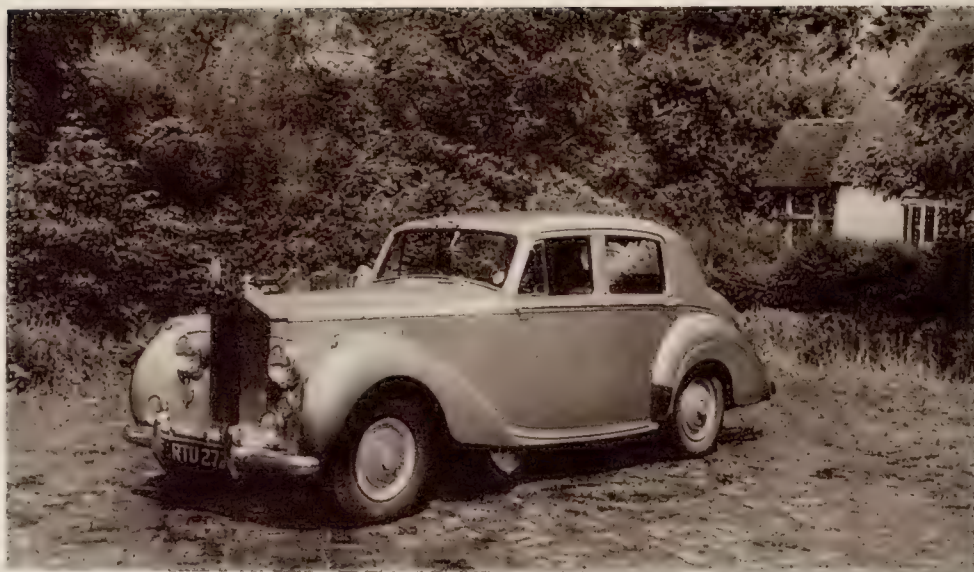
My purpose in taking over a Rolls-Royce Silver Dawn saloon the other day was not, however, to confirm these facts; but to obtain impressions of the automatic gear-box. I have not tried many automatic transmissions and am familiar with only one, that fitted to a certain British car for export. On the whole, I feel favourable to the fully automatic transmission, provided it is not too wasteful of power.

In the Rolls-Royce there are two pedals, one the accelerator, the other the brake.

A small hand-lever mounted under the steering wheel has five positions: neutral, reverse and three positions for determining the range of gear ratios the automatic box will select. This lever has a press button and a semi-gate to prevent mistakes. Another safeguard is the fact that the engine cannot be started unless the small lever is at the topmost or neutral position. In driving there is no need to move this lever more than once, after the engine has been started, from the neutral position to the ratio range "4" position. If one wishes one can then drive all day without shifting it.

First unstinted praise must be given for the way Rolls-Royce have developed and made this gear-box. It was originally an American design, but it has been refurbished. It works smoothly and faultlessly. It enables the car to be accelerated from a standstill to 75 miles an hour in a shorter space of time than I can achieve with the ordinary box. I doubt whether a racing driver could make the changes so quickly or judge when to make them with such precision as the invisible mechanical man who now sits beside the driver of Rolls-Royce cars, whose attention never lags, who never becomes careless or annoyed or sleepy or lazy.

One can feel the changes being made. As the gear is stepped up the car hesitates momentarily, while as the gear is stepped

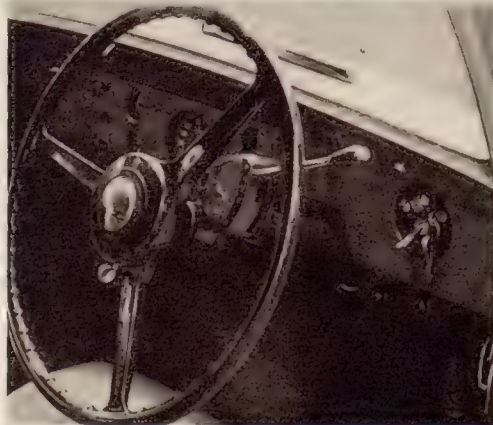


The Rolls-Royce Silver Dawn with automatic transmission, by means of which it can be accelerated from standstill to 75 m.p.h. more quickly than with an ordinary gear-box

down the nose of the bonnet dips and the engine whirr can be heard as the revolutions go up relative to the road speed. But the efficiency of the mechanism is uncanny. To a basically well-designed mechanism there has been applied the civilising effect of Rolls-Royce methods. Nevertheless, I quarrel with this automatic box on certain counts.

Using a suitable driving technique I can take a Rolls-Royce with the ordinary synchromesh box about the country and through rush-hour traffic in such a way that my passengers have the illusion that the car is floating on a placid, but fairly quickly-moving stream. They are at no time conscious of increases or decreases in speed. The driver does not appear to do anything. The car moves in silence and—to the passengers—it seems not only that it has no automatic gear-box, but that it has no gear-box at all! With the automatic gear-box I cannot do that.

Perhaps I have not discovered the finer points of handling the new transmission; but I do not see how one can obtain that gliding effect which (with a smell of cigars and expensive perfumes) has always characterised the best kind of mechanical travel when, directly the speed falls below a certain point there is a whirr (faint but clearly perceptible inside the car) and a dip of the bonnet as that busy mechanical man changes down. Nor do I like the hesitation, however momentary, which may sometimes occur on the change up.



Handlever of the automatic gear-box determines the range of ratios. The box will then select them to meet varying road conditions

More important than these things is the handbrake problem. Go shopping in Guildford High Street, or simply circle Hyde Park Corner once or twice and get in amongst the hordes opposite St. George's Hospital, and you discover that, to apply the handbrake, the right shoulder must be moved forward 30 centimetres. And the brake itself demands an effort of application out of proportion with the light, servo footbrake. Whenever one is on an incline the car cannot be edged forward in a slow traffic stream without use of the handbrake or risk of movement at times when there ought to be none. It cannot be done safely and certainly on the pedal. On a decline the car will again have to be held by one means or another. Even on the level it may creep unless the brake is applied. After starting from cold, and before moving out of the garage, the handbrake is needed.

Nor only is a driver who is frequently leaning forward a negation of Rolls-Royce travel, but his actions are a negation of automatic transmission. In some of these automatic transmissions there is a sprag which holds the car on an incline, but there are still the decline and the level road conditions to be considered. With the automatic gear-box a good, easily reached handbrake is necessary.

My friends of Rolls-Royce will appreciate that these criticisms are made in the friendliest way. I am in favour of automatic transmissions and have no longing for fiddling with gear levers. But if we are to put on the weight and cost of an automatic transmission, let it be automatic and do not permit it to mar in the smallest degree the beautifully smooth travel that can be obtained from a Rolls-Royce car with ordinary box.

LE MANS seems a long way away. It had the authentic heartbreaks and natural shocks. In defeat Mr. William Lyons and his Jaguars seem as great, even greater, than in victory. It is not an exaggeration to say that the Jaguars left the English-speaking world spell-bound as they fought so gallantly against the bigger Ferraris.

But let us not fail to recognise the wonderful engineering achievement of the Ferraris. They have performed wonders in the Grand Prix world and in the sports car world. They were worthy challengers of the Jaguars.





### MASTERS OF SPORT photographed by ERIC COOP

THE RT. HON. EARL HOWE, P.C., C.B.E., has both by his example and his counsels done more than any other one man to maintain the prestige of British motor-racing during the last thirty years. On leaving Eton and Christ Church he served in World War One as Commodore of Howe Battalion in Belgium and in H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth. His motor-racing career embraces all the great Continental circuits and events, and his record includes firsts in the twenty-four hours at Le Mans, Spa and Pescara, second in the class in the Mille Miglia, three times winner of the Brooklands Star and of the B.R.D.C. Road Racing Star, winner of the Eiffel race on the Nurburg Ring and of the 1,500 c.c. race on the Avus circuit at Berlin. He is regarded with affection and respect by the whole of the motor-racing fraternity, and his advice on questions of principle and technique alike is eagerly sought.







# A Really Flattering

## Fashion Choice

### of the Week

HERE is the world's most flattering summer outfit for a blonde—Fortnum & Mason's pale blue linen separates. The loose smock has a wide cowl collar and cuffs of white ribbed jersey and costs £4 19s. 6d. Worn inside or outside the slim, matching skirt, which is priced at £4 7s. 6d., it makes an ensemble sufficiently formal to be worn in any town, but wear it with the Fortnum accessories shown on this page and you have the most delightful seaside or country outfit

—MARIEL DEANS



The smock worn with navy-blue linen shorts. These can also be bought in pale blue to match the rest of the ensemble. They cost £3 12s. 6d.



A short-sleeved sweater made of white piqué spotted with navy blue. It has a knitted welt, yoke and sleeve edging of navy cotton jersey and costs 5 gns. The dark blue crocheted string and raffia bag is priced at £2 19s. 6d.



# DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

**C**HILDREN's passion for dumb friends will one day, I feel, be the end of me. Have suffered during different periods from tortoise, boring pet with little individuality except habit of toddling frustratedly into corners and laying infertile eggs—from white mouse instantly slain by MacDougal the orange cat—and from goldfish which goggled and burped at me so depressingly that I eventually slid up to London with them at dead of night and slipped them into the Regent's Park lake.

So far I have avoided tropical fish, though they appeal to me more, on account of atrocity story of friend whose fish-tank's thermostatic control once went wrong and boiled fish before their owners' very eyes. Have also eschewed dogs as being either too large to feed or too small to avoid treading on, and in any case prone to making sudden noises which cause me to knock over light furniture and smash crockery.

**H**AVE compromised on MacDougal, who has the good-natured laziness of all orange cats, cats more or less what is put before him, and quietly discourages mice,



who before his coming were liable to have mid-night feasts on kitchen floor and leave behind them plum stones, cheese rinds and crown corks from beer bottles.

Children, however, continue to lavish starved and inhibited affections on all animals within sight. On picnics they encourage cart-horses to gallumph round with flashing hooves, attempt to get matey with bulls, invite goats to share the sandwiches I have slaved for hours to cut. At home and in season they collect tadpoles and caterpillars, of course, and in addition black-birds are encouraged to hop in and out of kitchen window stealing raisins and sugar and terrifying MacDougal into fits.

**T**HUS it is no surprise and only grief when, spending weekend in country with Grandmamma, we are acquired by a dog. Animal presents itself when we are out walking with selected nieces and nephews on neighbouring vast heath—a large beast midway between a retriever and a St. Bernard, with the air of a good-tempered but not too bright Hound of the Baskervilles. Galloping up from a far-off knot of walkers whom we presume to be the Baskervilles, it holds in its jaws a large stick

*[Continued on page 748]*



This gay cotton three-piece consists of a bloomer-playsuit, a full dirndl skirt and a little cardigan made of red cotton-jersey (which the model is carrying). Stocked by Selfridges, it costs 6 gns.



# Holiday Wardrobe

**T**HIS week we show you four outfits that combine gay holiday abandon with a certain dogged price-consciousness. Here are holiday clothes on a shoestring—pretty, practical and beguilingly cheap. Given a comfortable pub and congenial companions, we hope that these clothes will complete your holiday well-being and contribute to your happiness as much as the grandest Ascot outfit  
—MARIEL DEANS



Derry & Toms sell this good-looking suit made of pale blue worsted shantung. It has a softly rounded shoulder line and a narrow skirt and costs 7½ gns. The Kangol Capette is priced at 10s. 6d.



# CONTINUING - DIARY OF A LADY . . .

which it shakes at us in a manner both threatening and obsequious.

Before anything can be done to stop her, L., the most besotted animal-lover of the family, seizes the stick and hurls it off for the dog to fetch. Given an inch, the creature sensibly proceeds to consolidate an ell. Considerable energy is then expended by family picking up stick and hurling it. Dog retrieves it with incredible speed and, if nothing is immediately done about it, shakes stick savagely from side to side so that it lashes heavily across backs of throwers' knees—a device which the children acclaim at once as being almost humanly intelligent.

WE continue walk for some time across heath, dog galloping on outskirts, rushing after sticks, and occasionally tearing past us along path, brushing all concerned into bordering gorse bushes. Children then find sand pit and decide to give up walking and make castles—dog is infinitely co-operative, though youngest niece, aged two, complains that it has not been taught not to throw sand. Eventually we approach knot of Baskervilles on



other side of heath and politely ask them to reclaim their property. "Oh, good heavens," they say laughing gaily, "it's not *ours*. We've been trying to get rid of it all the morning!"

Closer examination of imposing spiky collar round animal's neck reveals that engine number or equivalent has been removed and that there is no clue to identity in space provided. We inform children that dog is in no circumstances to be encouraged to stay with us, that we have no space or food for dogs, that if the dog follows us back to Grandmamma's we shall have no alternative but to take it to the police station.

B THEN embarks on gloomy story of how unclaimed lost dogs are collected in vans, taken to vast enclosure entirely filled with lost dogs, and eventually herded into gas chambers. L. immediately bursts into tears in which youngest niece joins. Manage to soothe all down by ordering B. to shut up and all other children to treat dog from now on with stern disdain. Trudge slowly home, blighted by children turning round surreptitiously to tell dog what a shame it is; also by dog itself who, bewildered by our attitude, keeps on galloping past and flailing us with stick—cannot help feeling that this is very intelligent.

Finally herd children inside Grandmamma's garden gate and shut gate firmly in teeth of entering hound. . . . Animal surveys us philosophically, whines once or twice with calculated pathos, and, when blandishments obviously unsuccessful, turns on heels and trots off in direction of heath again. . . . Am inclined to agree with B.'s immediate deduction that it is a Ghost Dog and wasn't really there at all. . . .

— Diana Gillon







Dennis Smith

## ... Holiday Wardrobe

*On the opposite page: A pretty summer evening dress, made of ice-pink glazed cotton patterned with black and white roses. It has a sash of black nylon, and is priced at 12½ gns. From Cresta Shops, Regent St.*

*Above: This fisherman's blouse, made of scarlet sailcloth, is worn over a pair of black drill shorts. The blouse costs 39s. 11d. and the shorts 29s. 11d. Both from Bourne & Hollingsworth, Oxford Street*





New kind of bag for travel, in unusual "hat-bag" shape. Lined throughout with moiré, this is sufficiently roomy to take overnight things, or a small hat. Price £12 17s. 6d. From Debenham & Freebody

*Shopping—*



Distinctive and of elegant design are these Italian handbags, from Liberty's. They are also extremely inexpensive. Square one, at bottom of the picture, is 52s. 6d., the long, narrow one on left is 52s. 6d., and the raffia-trimmed bag 59s. 6d.

*It's  
Original!*

—Jean Cleland

**T**HIS is the Open Sesame to today's shopping list.. Here we display some ideas for those who are looking for something different combined with a basic feeling for craftsmanship. The experts of the world are now competing in this market, coupling invention with lasting beauty of design. Here are ideas backed by integrity, giving durable pleasure



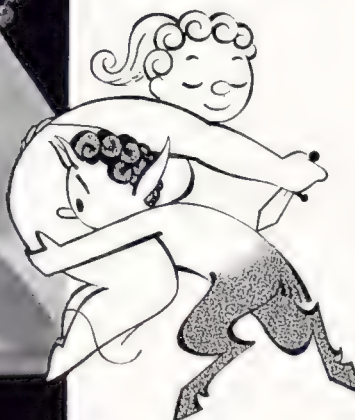




This exquisite and most unusual jewellery in brown crystal and pearls is by Coppola of Florence, and comes from Liberty's. Necklace £11 15s. 6d., bracelet £7 18s. 6d. and ear-rings £3 19s. 6d.



Beautifully set, this jewellery looks a million dollars, but is in fact most reasonably priced at 5½ guineas for the necklet, and 59s. 6d. for the ear clips. You can get it at Debenham & Freebody's



Dennis Smith

## News Notebook

# IN TOWN TODAY

**S**INCE this is the season for packing, I have been on the lookout for things which may help to simplify this extremely tiresome business. Of all awkward things to put neatly in a suitcase, hangers are the worst. They stick up, and they poke out, and take up more room than half a dozen sets of undies put together.

All that is past. You can now get a plastic coat hanger that *blows up* when you want it, and deflates to lie completely flat when not in use. If your wardrobe is such that you feel like taking two or three dozen—or even more—hangers with you when you go away, you can do so without turning a hair. Price 2s. 11d. From Marshall & Snelgrove.

★ ★ ★

**F**OR packing your shoes, or taking wet sandals home from the beach, there is a new damp-proof, grease-proof, dust-proof and moth-proof shoe bag called "Hypak." If you can find a better bargain than this for 1s. 6d., I'll eat my pen. From Marshall & Snelgrove.

★ ★ ★

**I**NGENUITY in the shops is on the up and up. At Selfridges I found something that should be of joyful assistance to those mothers and nurses in charge of children who are difficult with their food. Most toddlers go through a phase of pushing the plate away with the wail "don't want it" and if you are not jolly careful the plate skids to the floor. Here at last is a "Baby's Dish" that *can't* skid, because it is fitted with a rubber suction pad that sticks firmly to the table and at the same time stops the heat from marking it. In addition, this cleverly thought-up little affair has a transparent upper container with three divisions to keep the food separate, through which, in the lower container holding hot water, can be seen little toy animals floating around. If this isn't a blessing for 12s. 6d., I don't know what is.

★ ★ ★

**H**ARRODS show their imagination by providing a new "Smorgasbord" in the *à la carte* café, for those who want a light and "different" kind of lunch. At this, you can help yourself to a wonderful selection of *hors d'œuvres*, and eat just as much as you want for 4s. 6d., or as much as you feel you ought to, having regard to your figure.

Downstairs, there is another innovation, excellent both for the health and the waistline. This is a "health juice bar," where you can get all sorts of delicious drinks, full of minerals and vitamins. The juices are squeezed and crushed before your very eyes, and you can take your choice from such fascinating confections as "parsley and lemon," "banana and milk," "spinach and carrot," or straight juices such as pear, watercress, pineapple, orange, etc.

—J. C.





## PUTTING ON A NEW FACE

How often one hears it said "Ah! that woman knows how to wear her things." Which really means that, in addition to possessing a dress sense and an instinct for choosing the right accessories, she pays attention to detail, and is meticulous over the many small points that make all the difference between just being clothed and *looking* "dressed."



Have you ever thought that there is as much art in putting on a face as there is in putting on a frock, a coat, a hat, or any part of a smart ensemble? This, too, is a matter of skill, and of attention to the small details, which, added up, give the final touch of polish and finish.

Just now, with so many social functions in full swing, there are plenty of occasions for wearing pretty clothes and pretty faces. A few suggestions then, may not come amiss.

Before starting, decide what colour you are going to wear, and see that you have the right shade of make-up to go with it. This can make all the difference

as to whether the colour will look becoming to you or not. With pastel shades, any of the soft rose pinks. For browns and greens, a red with yellow tones. For blues, red with more bluey tones. Black and white can both take a clear bright red. Shades of wine and mauve can be enhanced with any of the soft cyclamens. All good beauty salons give reliable advice on this subject, and most of the well-known makers of cosmetics have shade cards which are very helpful.

Always precede the make-up with a few minutes' brisk patting. This whips up the circulation, and gives the face an "alive" look. If you are going to a special party, and your complexion is inclined to be relaxed and a little off-colour, I would advise a face pack, either on the same day, or, if this makes too much of a rush, the day before.

Now for the make-up:—

1. Have your skin slightly damp before applying the foundation. This makes it much easier to put on.

2. If the cream rouge seems a little stiff, mix a tiny spot of skin food with it in the palm of your hand; it should then work in quite easily.

3. To give a "lift" to the face, if it is looking a little tired, place the rouge fairly high on the cheeks, and fade it out and up towards the temples.

4. Before applying eye-shadow, slightly grease the eyelids with skin food or oil, so that the shadow goes on smoothly and evenly. Blot the lids with a paper tissue to remove surplus shine, and smooth the finger over them again until only the faintest shadow remains.

5. Be sure and use a clean brush when applying mascara to your lashes. In this way you keep the lashes separate, and avoid getting them stuck together. If they are very straight, curl them back with a pair of little eyelash curlers. If they look dry and dull, and you want to give them a sheen, brush them with Elizabeth Arden's "Stimulash." This not only imparts a lovely gloss, but it also encourages the growth. It can be used for the eyebrows, too, which should be tidied first by judicious plucking.

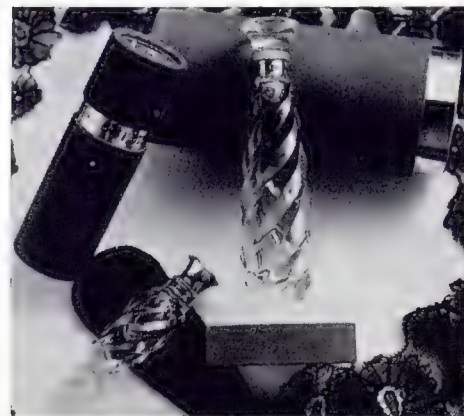
Use (6) a paint brush for putting on lipstick. This makes the mouth look much softer and smoother, and you get a clearer outline. If the lips are dry, smooth them over first with a white lip-salve.

7. If late night parties result in dark circles under the eyes, you can disguise them by way of a "Stik Make-Up" made by Max Factor. Stroke this very gently under the eyes, blend it well in with the tips of the fingers, and then powder lightly on top.

8. Sleek hair is essential for finish, so before going out, I would advise spraying it with Riché's Invisible Hair Net Lacquer. Remember, too, to take a hand glass and look at the back of your head as well as the front. If the general effect is a little flat, high-light a wave or curl with one of the hair cosmetics specially designed for the purpose.

Should you use coloured nail varnish, see that it tones with the lipstick, and protect it with Revlon's "Super-Sealer," which is an invisible top coating. If you would like to try an attractive new shade, ask to see Revlon's latest, called "Everything's Rosy"; lipstick and nail varnish can be had together in a box.

—J. C.



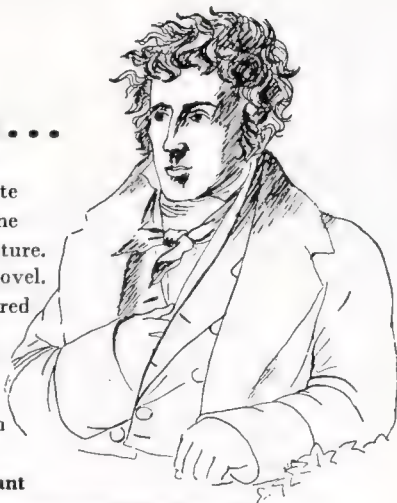
Revlon's "Extrait 4 Vents" in these graceful bottles, 1-oz. £4 10s. Handbag size in buckskin sheath, £2 10s. From Selfridges and other leading stores



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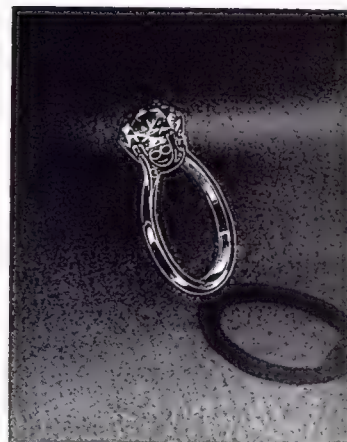
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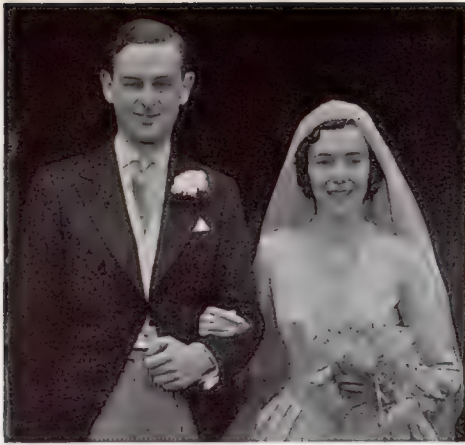
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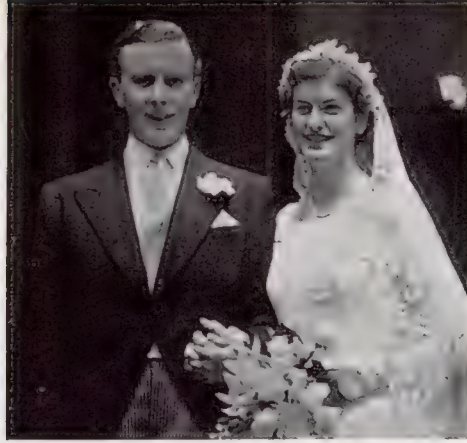
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**DRUMMOND-MURRAY—HOPE**

At the Church of St. Mary, East Hendred, Mr. Peter Drummond-Murray, son of Mr. E. J. Drummond-Murray, of Sheen Park, and of Mrs. E. Drummond-Murray, married the Hon. Barbara M. Hope, daughter of Lord and Lady Rankeillour

**MASSEY—MAKINS**

Mr. Anthony David Massey, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Massey, of Harrow-on-the-Hill, married Miss Brenda L. C. Makins, only daughter of Sir John and Lady Makins, of Hampstead Way, N.W.11, at St. Michael's Church, Cornhill

## THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review

**REDFERN—PRATT**

The wedding took place at St. Mary's Church, Gate Helmsley, Yorks, of Mr. Peter Guilford Redfern, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Redfern, of Sutton-on-Hull, and Miss Rosemary Joy Pratt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Pratt, of Stamford Bridge

**BARRIE—SAMENGO-TURNER**

Mr. Bryan Patrick Barrie, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Barrie, of Pinkneys Green, Berks, married Miss Adriana E. Samengo-Turner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Samengo-Turner, of Claires Court, Maidenhead, at St. Joseph's Church, Maidenhead

**ELLIOT—FRANK**

At St. Oswald's Church, Sowerby, the wedding took place of Lt.-Cdr. Jock Elliot, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Elliot, of Galashiels, Selkirkshire, and Miss Barbara A. Frank, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Frank, of Sowerby, Thirsk, Yorks

**CHEATLE—DAVIES**

Mr. Denis Cheattle, son of the late Mr. R. Melville Cheattle and of Mrs. Cheattle, of Worcester Park, married Miss Joy Vaughan Davies, only daughter of Major and Mrs. H. Vaughan Davies, of New Malden, Surrey, at Temple Church, E.C.4

### Book Reviews [Continuing from page 74]

## THE LADY M.P.s

Transport, in so widely dispersed a country, continued to preoccupy and at times displease. The enterprising Italian Bianconi (of whom Dr. Maxwell gives us a study) did much for that, instituting a system of "long cars." These, which revolutionized public transport, were first tried out in Co. Tipperary, but soon set all Ireland gaily, cheaply awheel. Sir John Carr, well-disposed knight from Devonshire, took a hopeful view of canal travel; you were well fed, you slid smoothly along, admiring canal-side gentlemen's mansions.

Dr. Maxwell, who was from 1944 to 1951 Lecky Professor of Modern History at Trinity College, Dublin, has done a beautiful piece of work in giving us *The Stranger In Ireland*. Her authority as a historian is sunk (though nonetheless it is ever there) in the easiness and friendliness of her style. Her earlier books in this vein, *Dublin Under The Georges* and *Country And Town In Ireland Under The Georges*, have become classics; and this latest is no less good for covering wider ground.

★ ★ ★

**T**HE DESERTERS, by Honor Tracy (Methuen, 10s. 6d.), is not so much a novel as an entertainment: subject, the military police, its women members in particular, and their London activities during the late war. We open with the recapture of No. 123456 Palmer, who enjoys the distinction of having been (for reasons shown) the first real woman deserter from H.M. Forces. Nor is this all, it seems, that she enjoyed during her time at large. Freedom calls again, therefore Palmer, travelling under escort by Underground, adroitly gives her captors the slip. This causes a bad time for the senior sergeant, Sophie Lewes, our central character.

Deserter hunting has many ups and downs. Its keenest exponent is Pussy Mullens, descendant of a long line of policemen, and more than worthy of her lineage. Most to be pitied is Sophie's stand-in Hume, an ex-games mistress subject to floods of tears. Vindictive and monstrous is Sergeant Pratt—in private life ultra-dressy proprietress of a seaside hotel.

Intrigue is non-stop. The language, used as required, may cause readers to blink. But it would not, I think, be too much to say that there is not a dull moment in *The Deserters*.

### GRAMOPHONE NOTES

**T**HERE are two newcomers to gramophone records who I believe may establish themselves as "regulars" in the supplements. They are Betty Madigan and Ronald Rogers. Miss Madigan sings "My Heart Is Dancing With You" and "Joey" to the accompaniment of Joe Tipman and his Orchestra, and I look forward to the day when she is given better material than her current songs. She manages to make the mawkish "Joey" credible, which is quite an achievement; on that score alone her future should arouse more than ordinary interest. (M-G-M 747.)

Ronald Rogers sings "Three Things" and "You're Not Living In Vain," both with lyrics which are intended to promote uplift. Like Miss Madigan, he deserves to be served with better material. He has a pleasing enough voice and a style reminiscent of Howard Keel. Once he manages to cut out the tendency to "sob" he should make quite a niche for himself, but he must do that, for the "sob" and the sentiment behind the lyrics he offers are just too much for anyone above moronic intelligence to swallow. (Parlophone R.3875.)

Robert Tredinnick

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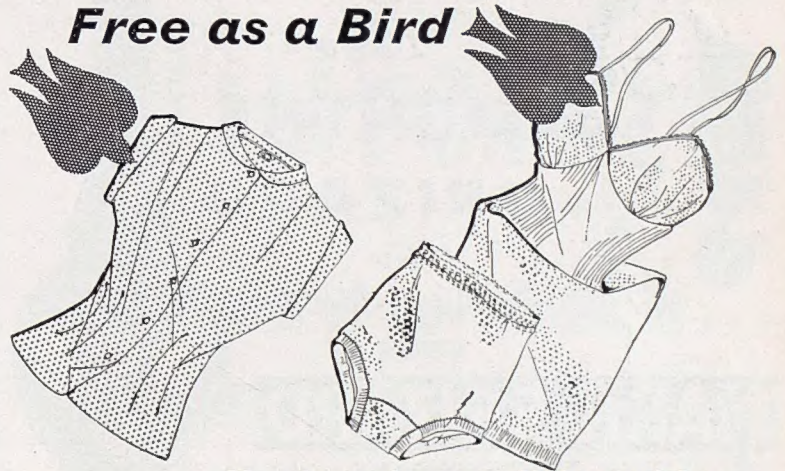
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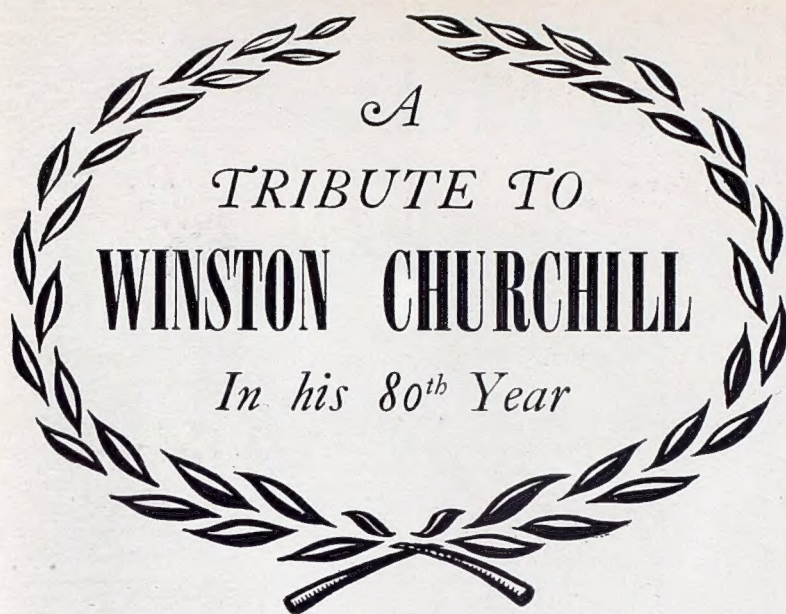
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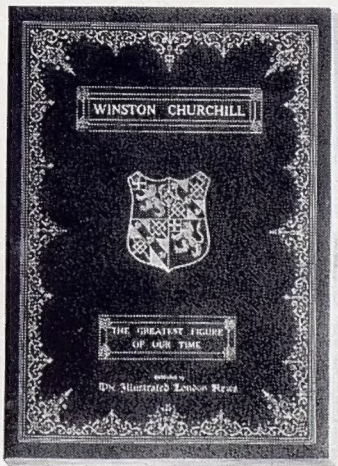


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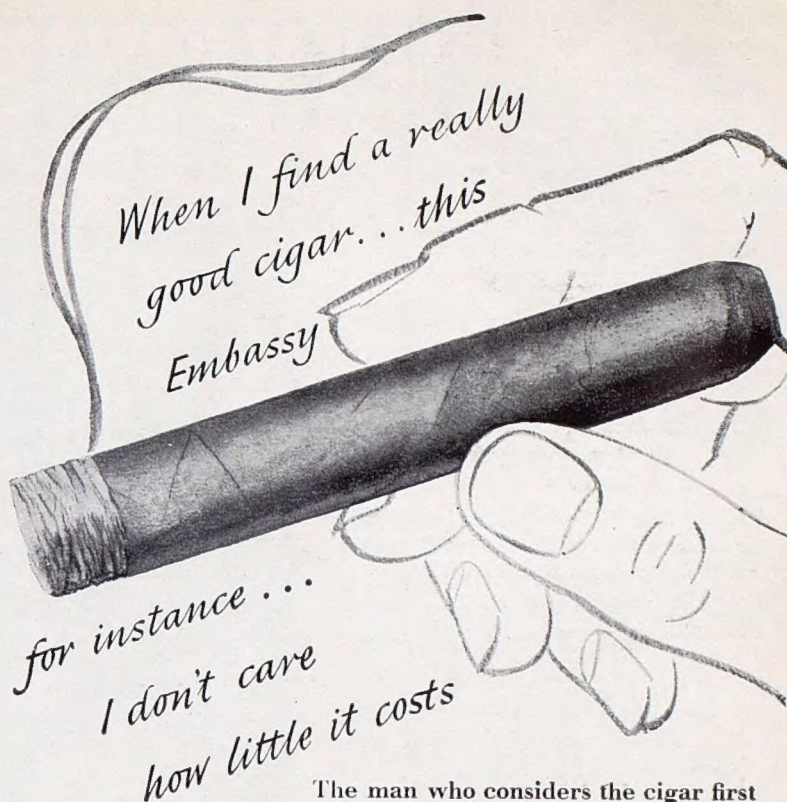
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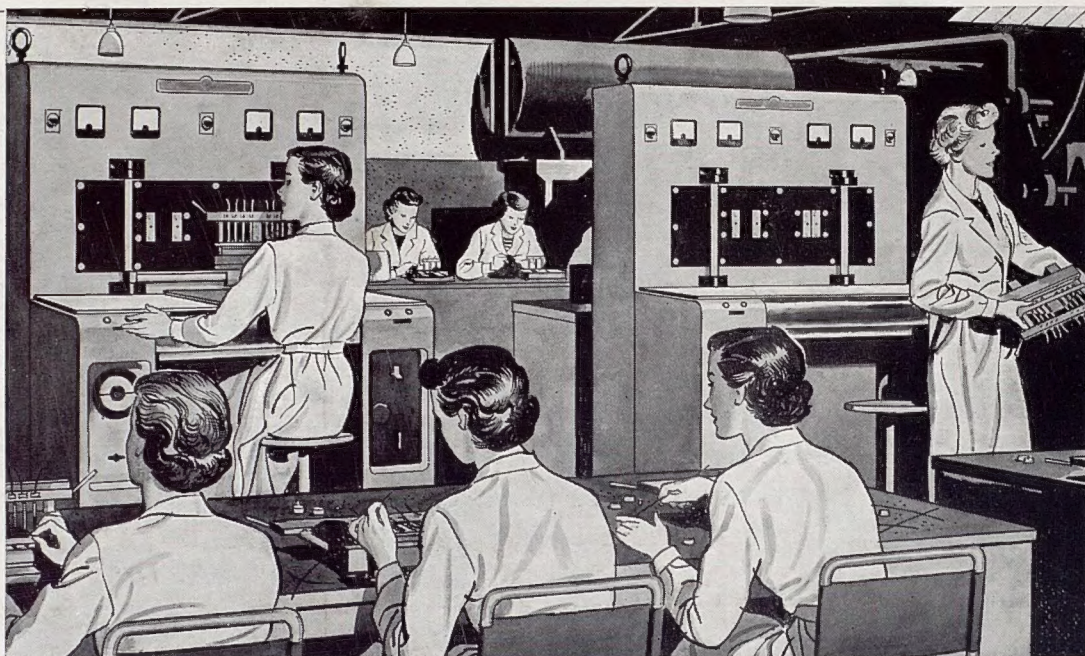
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